

THE
HARRISON



AND
**LOG CABIN
SONG BOOK.**

COLUMBUS:
PUBLISHED BY I. N. WHITING.
1840.

a Triple to will
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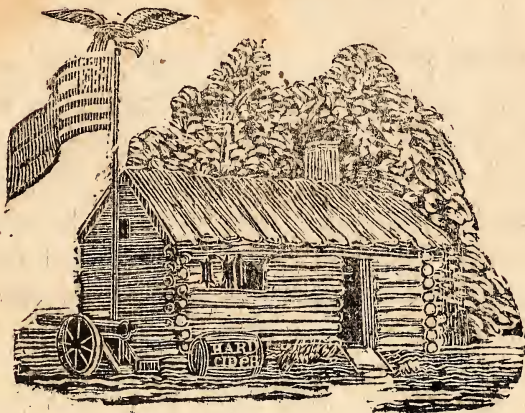
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PRINTED AT THE STRAIGHT-OUT HARRISON AND TYLER OFFICE.

P R E F A C E.

Who cannot enjoy a good song? Who cannot join in one with heart and voice in joyful response? The enthusiasm of a happy people always did and always will break forth in song. A song is the language of a cheerful heart, the overflowing of a buoyant impulse. Nothing ever exceeded the rapidity with which, in these times of feeling and patriotic action, the merry Harrisonian Log Cabin Songs, have rushed through the country. Every body is singing them, and every body but the sour and crabbed Locofocos, is delighted with their simplicity and spirit. It is to meet the wants of the Harrison boys—to furnish them all with a plentiful supply of these patriotic and pithy songs, that this little work is compiled. We trust that every free hearted son of the West will furnish himself with a copy; that he may be prepared to wile away the hours of labor, and domestic recreation, with a cheerful song of Liberty; and lift up his voice in chorus with the whole united nation in a chorus of triumph over the downfall of corruption and tyranny.

THE
LOG CABIN SONGSTER.

TIPPECANOE SONG.

AIR—“*Bonnets of Blue.*”

The voice of the nation has spoken,
The tyrants all shake in their shoes—
The sceptre of Martin is broken—
He shrinks at the glorious news.

CHORUS.

All hail to the glorious West,
Log cabins and yeomen to you;
The land of the brave and the blest,
And home of old Tippecanoe.

The political valley of Death,
Surround his vile minions of power,
Their slanderous, pestilent breath,
Is hushed like the storm of an hour.

All hail, etc.

The *cooks* of the kitchen aghast,
Hear their knell sound far from the West,
And fear that their dishes, at last,
Will poison the “greatest and best.”
Then hail to the glorious West,
Log cabins and yeomen to you;
The land of the brave and the blest,
And the home of old Tippecanoe.

THE SOLDIER OF TIPPECANOE.

DIRGE—"Not a drum was heard."

The stars are bright, and our steps are light,
 As we sweep to our camping ground,
 And well we know, as we forward go,
 That the foe fills the greenwood round;
 But we know no fear, though the foe be near,
 As we tramp the greenwood through,
 For oh! have we not for our leader got
The soldier of Tippecanoe?

Now the deep green grass is our soft mattress
 Till the beating of reveille;
 No light's in our camp but the fire fly lamp,
 No roof but the greenwood tree.
 Brief slumber we snatch, till the morning watch,
 But one eye no slumber knew!
 One mind was awake for his soldiers' sake,
'Twas the soldier of Tippecanoe!

The faint dawn is breaking, our bugles are speaking,
 Quick rouses our lengthened line,
 Sweet dreams are departing, the soldier is starting,
 And welcomes the morning shine
 But, hark! 'tis the drum! the foe is come,
 Their yells ring the dark wood through;
 But see mounted, ready, brave, cautious, and steady,
The soldier of Tippecanoe!

Now nigher and nigher, tho' hot in their fire,
 And ceaseless the volleying sound,
 We press down the hollow, and dauntlessly follow,
 Then tramp up the rising ground.
 With dealing ardor we press them yet harder,
 And still as they come into view,
 "Now steady, boys, steady; be quick and be ready!"
Cries the soldier of Tippecanoe!

Down, down drop the foe, and still on we go,
 And each thicket and dingle explore;
 Loud our shrill bugle sing, till the wide woods ring,
 And their rifles are heard no more.
 Now weave the green crown of undying renown
 For the patriot Hero's brow,
 And write his name with the halo of fame,
The soldier of Tippecanoe!

OLD TIPPECANOE.

Hurra for the Father of all the green West!
 For the Buckeye who follows the plough!
 The foeman in terror his valor confest,
 And we'll honor the conqueror now.
 His country assailed in the darkest of days,
 To her rescue impatient he flew;
 The war whoop's fell blast, and the rifle's red blaze,
 But awakened old Tippicanoe!
 On Maumee's dark waters, along with brave Wayne,
 Green laurels he glean'd with his sword,
 But when peace on the country came smiling again,
 His steel to the scabbard restored.
 But wise in the Council, as brave in the Field,
 His country still asked for his aid;
 And the birth of Young Empires his wisdom revealed
 The Sage and the Statesman displayed.
 But the red torch of war, the tomahawk's gleam
 To the battle again called the true;
 And there where the stars and the stripes brightly
 stream,
 Rushed the Hero of Tippecanoe.
 Now hark! from the far frozen winds of the North
 What battle shouts burthen the gale?
 The hosts of Old England ride gallantly forth,
 And the Captive and Conquered bewail.

His country recalls the bold chieftian she loves,
 The sword of 'Old Tip' she reclaims;
 And victory heralds wherever he moves
 The path of the Hero of Thames!

Hurrah for the Hero of Tippecanoe—
 The Farmer who ploughs at North Bend!
 A Soldier so brave, and a Patriot so true,
 Will find in each freeman a friend.

Hurrah for the Log Cabin Chief of our choice!
 For the Old Indian fighter hurrah!
 Hurrah! and from mountain and valley the voice
 Of the People re-echoes—hurrah!

Then come to the ballot box—boys come along,
 He never lost battle for you;
 Let's down with oppression and tyranny's throng,
 And up with Old Tippecanoe!

LOG CABIN AND HARD CIDER CANDIDATE

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Should good old cider be despised,
 And ne'er regarded more?
 Should plain log cabins be despised
 Our fathers built of yore?
 For the true old style, my boys!
 For the true old style,
 Let's take a mug of cider now
 For the true old style.

We've tried experiments enough
 Of fashions new and vain,
 And now we long to settle down
 To good old times again.
 For the good old ways, my boys!
 For the good old ways,
 Let's take a mug of cider now
 For the good old ways.

We've tried "the greatest and the best,"

And found him bad enough;

And he who "in the footsteps treads"

Is yet more sorry stuff.

For the brave Old Thames, my boys!

For the brave Old Thames,

We'll take a mug of cider yet

For the brave Old Thames.

Then give 's a hand, my boys!

And here's a hand for you,

And we'll quaff the good old cider yet

For Old Tippecanoe.

For Old Tippecanoe, my boys!

For Old Tippecanoe,

We'll take a mug of cider yet

For Old Tippecanoe.

And surely you'll give your good vote,

And surely I will too;

And we'll clear the way to the 'White House' yet

For Old Tippecanoe.

For Tip-pe-canoe, my boys!

For Tip-pe-canoe,

We'll take a mug of cider yet

For Tip-pe-canoe.

GENERAL HARRISON.

AIR—"Pizen Sarpient."

When British foemen swarmed around,

And burnt our "cabins" to the ground,

Ri tu ral, etc.

A gallant boy, brave Harrison,

By noble deeds bright laurels won,

Ri tu ral, ect.

He fought by Wayne, where brave men bled,
 And where the ground was strown with dead,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

And where the battle fiercest seemed
 His ready blade to combat gleamed,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

He spent long years in hardy fight,
 And always kept his laurels bright,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

And when with peace our land was blest,
 We find him on his farm at rest,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

No prying demagogue was he,
 But honest, noble, brave and free,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

He would not barter *truth* for gold—
 His *mind* was never bought and sold,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

To great men's skirts he never hung,
 As Martin to brave Jackson's clung,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

But all alone he trod the way,
 Where honors thick around him lay,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

The White House will by him be filled,
 For so the yeomanry have willed,
 Ri tu ral, etc.

AN INVITATION TO THE LOG CABIN BOYS TO OLD TIPPECANOE'S RAISIN'.

Come all you Log Cabin Boys, we're going to have
 a raisin',

We've got a job on hand that we think will be pleasin',
 We'll turn out and build Old Tip a new Cabin,
 And finish it off with chinkin' and daubin'.

We want all the Log Cabin Boys in the nation,
 To be on the ground when we lay the foundation;
 And we'll make all the office holders think its amazin'
 To see how we work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin.'

On the thirtieth day of next October,
 We'll take some Hard Cider, but we'll all keep sober;
 We'll shoulder our axes and cut down the timber
 And have our Cabin done by the second of December,
 We'll have it well chink'd and we'll have on the cover,
 Of good sound clapboards, with the weight poles over,
 And a good wide chimney for the fire to blaze in,
 So come on, boys, to Old Tippecanoe's raisin.'

Ohio will find the house-log timber,
 And Old Virginia, as you'll remember,
 Will find the timber for the clapboards and chinkin',
 'Twill all be first rate stuff I'm thinkin'.

And when we want to daub it, it happens very lucky,
 That we have got the best of *Clay* in Old Kentucky,
 For there's no other State has such good clays in,
 To make the mortar for Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

For the hauling of the logs we'll call on Pennsylvania,
 For their Conestoga teams will pull as well as any,
 And the Yankee States and York State and all of
 the others,

Will come and help us lift like so many brothers.
 The Hoosiers and the Suckers and the Wolverine
 farmers,

They all know the right way to carry up the corners,
 And every one's a good enough carpenter and mason,
 To do a little work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

We'll cut out a window and have a wide door in,
 We'll lay a good loft and a first rate floor in,
 We'll fix it all complete, for Old Tip to see his
 friends in,

And we know that the latch-string will never have
its end in.

On the fourth day of March Old Tip will move in it,
And then little Martin will have to shin it,
So Hurrah Boys, there's no two ways in
The fun we'll have at Old Tippecanoe's raisin.'

A SONG OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

TUNE—"Old Oaken Bucket,"

Oh, dear to my soul are the days of our glory,
The time-honored days of our national pride,
When heroes and statesmen enobled our story,
And boldly the foes of our country defied,
When victory hung o'er our flag proudly waving
And the battle was fought by the valiant and true,
For our homes and our loved ones the enemy braving,
Oh, then stood the soldier of Tippecanoe.

The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

When dark was the tempest, and hovering o'er us,
The clouds of destruction seemed gathering fast,
Like a ray of bright sunshine he stood out before us,
And the clouds passed away with the hurrying blast
When the Indian's loud yell and his tomahawk
flashing,

Spread terror around us, and hope was with few,
Oh then, through the ranks of the enemy dashing,
Sprang forth to the rescue old Tippecanoe.

The iron-armed soldier, the true hearted-soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

When cannons were pealing and brave men were
reeling

In the cold arms of death from the fire of the foe,
Where balls flew the thickest and blows fell the
quickest

In front of the battle bold Harry did go.

The force of the enemy trembled before him,
 And soon from the field of his glory withdrew,
 And his warm-hearted comrades in triumph cried
 o'er him,
 God bless the bold soldier of Tippecanoe!
 The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

And now since the men have so long held the nation
 Who trampled our rights in their scorn to the
 ground,
 We will fill their cold hearts with a new trepidation
 And shout in their ears this most terrible sound:
 The people are coming resistless and fearless,
 To sweep from the White House the reckless old
 crew;
 For the woes of our land, since its rulers are tearless
 We look for relief to old Tippecanoe.
 The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS GREAT COM- MOTION?

TUNE—"Little Pig's Tail."

What has caused the great commotion, motion, motion
 Our country through?
 It is the ball a rolling on, on,

CHORUS.

For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and
 Tyler too,
 And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
 Van is a used up man,
 And with them we'll beat little Van.
 Like the rushing of mighty waters, waters, waters,

On it will go,
And in its course will clear the way
For Tippecanoe, etc.
See the loco standard tottering, tottering, tottering,
Down it must go,
And in its place we'll rear the flag
Of Tippecanoe, etc.
Don't you hear from every quarter, quarter, quarter,
Good news and true,
That swift the ball is rolling on
For Tippecanoe, etc.
The Buckeye boys turned out in thousands, thousands
Not long ago,
And at Columbus set their seals,
To Tippecanoe, etc.
Now you hear the Van Jacks talking, talking, talking,
Things look quite blue,
For all the world seems turning round
For Tippecanoe, etc.
Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And log cabins too,
'Twill only help to speed the ball
For Tippecanoe, etc.
The latch-string hangs outside the door, door, door
And is never pulled through,
For it never was the custom of
Old Tippecanoe, etc.
He always has his table set, set, set,
For all honest and true,
And invites them in to take a bite
With Tippecanoe, etc.
See the spoilsmen and leg treasurers, treas, treas
All in a stew,
For well they know they stand no chance
With Tippecanoe, etc.

Little Matty's days are number'd, numbr'd, numbr'd,
 Out he must go,
 And in the chair we'll place the good
 Old Tippecanoe, etc.

Now who shall we have for our governor, governor,
 Who, tell me who?

Let's have Tom Corwin, for he's a team
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and
 Tyler too,

And with him we'll beat Wilson Shannon, Shannon,
 Shannon is a used up man,

And with him we'll beat Wilson Shannon!

OLD TIP'S BROOM.

TUNE—"Buy a Broom."

Come, patriots, come, and let's 'clare out the kitchen,
 Let's sweep out the parlor and clean the 'East room,'
 Drive out the Magrician, who long has been witching.
 His schemes to dissolve, let us try a new Broom:
 Take a Broom—Old Tip's Broom?

Come, every true Whig, and help handle the Broom.

To 'nulify' subs that so long have annoyed us
 And have fattened themselves from the Treasury
 spoils,

Will be the best exercise that ever employed us,
 And well will reward us for all of our toils:

Take a Broom—Old Tip's Broom?

Come, all ye true Democrats, take Old Tip's Broom.

We all know our rights, let us dare to maintain them,
 And sign the death warrant of Martin's downfall;
 He reads not the signs, let our Daniel explain them,
 Interpret the writing that's writ on the wall:

Take a Broom—Old Tip's Broom?

Come, lovers of freedom, come take Old Tip's Broom.

When the contest shall come, let us all do our duty,
 And make a clean sweep of our twenty-six rooms;
 We'll send the Experiments' crew and their booty
 To South seas exploring, with lots of old Brooms:
 Take a Broom—Old Tip's Broom?

Come, patriot sweepers, and use a new Broom.

'Reform the Reformers' and 'sweep out corruption,'
 Let tyrants and spoilsmen, with faces of gloom
 Hear the rumbling and throes of the earthquake's
 eruption,

The voice of a nation deciding their doom:

Take a Broom—Old Tip's Broom?

To sweep out corruption, come take a new Broom.

The new broom of him whom they call 'Old Granny,'
 Shall sweep out the suckers of 'Treasury pap;
 The vampires that lived on the blood of the many,
 While we the dear people, were taking a nap:

'Take a Broom—Old Tip's Broom?

Wake, Democrats, wake! and let's try a new Broom.

When we were deceived by a Hickory Hero,
 Our credit was wither'd at his fatal touch;
 Now we are insulted by this modern Nero,
 Who says we are 'looking to him for too much:'
 Take a Broom—Old Tip's Broom?

No longer be slaves, come and try a new Broom.

And when little Matty is out of employment,
 With bloodhounds and broomstick, far South he
 might go;

In the everglade wars, he might find some enjoyment.
 And end a long contest by flogging the foe;

Take a Broom—take a Broom!

[Spoken. Take Tip's Broom?]

[Spoken. In the everglade swamps, among the frogs
 with his dogs, don't you think he'd find Sam Jones?]
 Come, patriots, come, let us try a new Broom.

To end all this warring, defaulting and scheming,
 This war upon labor, and credit, and banks,
 On commerce and trading, a new light is gleaming.
 The people will soon put an end to their pranks,
 With a Broom—Old Tip's Broom,
 They'll drive out the Spoilers by using Tip's Broom.

THE HARRISON CAUSE.

AIR—“*Bonnets o' Blue.*”

Here's a health to him that's just,
 Here's a health to him that's true,
 And who could not wish success to the man
 Who conquered at Tippecanoe?
 It is good to be noble and firm,
 It is good to be honest and true,
 It is good to support our Harrison's cause,
 Who stuck to the “red, white and blue.”
 Huzza for the brave and the true
 Who battled at Tippecanoe,
 And the heroes whose names
 On the bank of the Thames,
 Were written in “red, white and blue.”

Here's success to him that's firm,
 Here's success to him that is wise,
 And tho' aged and poor, will give from his store,
 When misery ever applies!
 Here's a health to the sage of North Bend,
 Here's success to the man of the plough,
 Here's a health to the man who sticks to his friend
 And lives by the sweat of his brow!
 Huzza for the just and the true,
 And the Hero of Tippecanoe,
 And the star-spangled “red, white and blue.”

THE HERO STATESMAN.

TUNE—"The Campbell's are coming."

He comes from the West, in the strength of his name,
 The favored of song, and a hero in fame;
 He's the People's own choice, and his resting shall be
 At the side of the brave, in the hearts of the free,
 No more in the shade of retirement he's laid,
 Where the warrior's plume rests with his chivalrous
 blade;

For his country demands his true service again,
 To protect with his sword, and defend with his pen.
 He comes from the West in the strength of his name
 The favored of song, and a hero in fame;
 He's the people's own choice, & his resting shall be
 At the side of the brave, in the hearts of the free.

Though gray be his locks, there's a fire in his eye,
 That flashes in scorn when a foeman is nigh;
 To the poor and oppressed who his kindness implore,
 He never in scorn shuts his hand nor his door.
 Then hail to the hero who merits our thanks,
 To the statesman who lives on Ohio's green banks;
 For the banner of freedom that floats to the breeze,
 Shall ne'er be dishonored on land nor on seas.

He comes from the West, etc.

When joined with the wise & engaged with the great
 To act for his country in councils of state,
 No traitor unscathed shall escape from his hand—
 The boldest he'll sweep from a place in the land.
 Though dastards revile, and though cowards defame,
 They dim not the glory of Harrison's name;
 And louder and broader our plaudits shall rise
 For the hero so bold, for the statesman so wise.

He comes from the West, etc.

YE SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM.

TUNE—"Bonaparte's return from Russia."

Ye soldiers of freedom, pray stand to your arms,
Prepare for the battle, our freedom alarms;
The trumpets are sounding, come soldiers and see
The standard and colors of sweet liberty.

Though Van's black organ is sounding so near,
Take courage, brave soldiers, his powers don't fear;
In the strength of our freedom, we dare him to fight,
We'll put his black powers of aliens to flight.

As the great Alexander, Van Buren shall fall;
With the emblem of freedom, we'll conquer them all;
We'll leave no oppressor alive on the field,
By the strength of the patriots we'll force them to
yield.

Through Harrison our leader we'll battle their rage;
My heart beats for freedom, come soldiers engage;
The drums are sounding, the armies appear,
We'll not leave one standing from front to rear.

Old Tip, he is riding, the fort on before,
With a keg of 'hard Cider' to treat us once more,
Some shouting, some singing, for Harrison they cry,
In the great cause of freedom all gags we defy.

OLD TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—"Rosin the Bow."

A bumper around now my hearties,
I'll sing you a song that is new;
I'll please to the buttons, all parties,
And sing of Old Tippecanoe.

When first near the Thames' gentle waters,
 My sword for my country I drew,
 I fought for America's daughters,
 Long side of Old Tippecanoe.

Ere this too when danger assailed us,
 And Indians their dread missiles threw,
 His counsel and courage availed us,
 We conquered at Tippecanoe.

And when all the troubles were ended,
 I flew to the girls that I knew,
 They promptly declared they intended
 To kiss me for Old Tippecanoe.

And now that the good of the nation
 Requires that something we do,
 We'll hurl little Van from his station,
 And elevate Tippecanoe.

Again and again fill your glasses,
 Bid Martin Van Buren adieu,
 We'll please ourselves and the lasses,
 And vote for old Tippecanoe.

THE FARMER OF NORTH BEND.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Can grateful freemen slight his claims,
 Who bravely did defend,
 Their lives and fortunes on the Thames,
 The Farmer of North Bend?
 The Farmer of North Bend, my boys,
 The Farmer of North Bend,
 We'll give a right good hearty vote
 To the Farmer of North Bend.

The trump of Fame in storied song
 The Patriot's deeds shall tell,
 And Freedom's voice the strain prolong,
 The gladsome chorus swell.
 The gladsome chorus swell, my boys,
 The gladsome chorus swell,
 We'll join to-night in merry song
 The gladsome chorus swell.

The Chieftian heard the stirring drum,
 And bent his soldier's bow,
 But victor soon—he hastened home,
 His farming fields to mow,
 His farming fields to mow, my boys,
 His farming fields to mow,
 Exchanged the sabre for the scythe,
 His farming fields to mow.

Though youthful valor bravely won
 The laurel for his brow,
 Yet victory's own triumphant son
 Now holds the Yeoman's plough.
 Now holds the Yeoman's plough, my boys,
 Now holds the Yeoman's plough,
 And soon we'll try his trusty hand
 To hold the Nation's plough.

Now hear the note, his country's call,
 From the hill-tops and the shore,
 It comes from camp, and cot, and hall,
 And all the valleys o'er.

 And all the valleys o'er, my boys,
 And all the valleys o'er,
 It calls him to the rescue, boys,
 From all the valleys o'er.

The hero who, long years ago,
 Once wore the warrior's mail,

Now comes to beat the Yeoman's foe,
A Farmer with his flail.

A Farmer with his flail, my boys,

A Farmer with his flail,

And they'll get a right gude threshing yet
From the Farmer with his flail.

Then cheer we up, my boys, to-night,

A helping hand we lend,

And pledge the old Key Stone to night,

To the Farmer of North Bend.

To the Farmer of North Bend, my boys,

To the Farmer of North Bend,

We'll pledge the old Key Stone to-night,

To the Farmer of North Bend.

YOU REMEMBER THE TIME.

TUNE—"You remember it, don't you."

You remember the time when our sires sought the
West,

To find a safe home for the friends they loved best—

How each hill and each valley a foeman concealed,

And each plain the red warrior in armor revealed?

You remember it, don't you?

Oh! think of it, won't you?

Yes, yes, of all this remembrance shall last,

Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the era, when Wayne with his legion,
Drove the merciless foe from this blood-sprinkled
region,

The gallant young soldier the foremost in fight,

Who pursued the wild foe in his perilous flight?

You remember it, don't you?

Oh! think of it, won't you?

Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance shall last,

Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember, years after, in the progress of time
How this same gallant soldier, who was then in his
prime,

Drove far from our border the wild savage foe,
And the Britton, at Thames, Meigs, and Tippecanoe?

You remember it. don't you?

Oh! think of it, won't you?

Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance shall last,
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the man who, when war's dread com-
motion,

Spread over the land, and the fathomless ocean—
Or when peace cast her blessings our wide country
o'er,

Who was ever a father and friend to the poor?

You remember him, don't you?

Oh! think of him, won't you?

Yes, yes, of *this man*, the remembrance shall last,
Long after the present fades into the past.

When tyrant oppression walks abroad in the land,
And spreads want and disaster with a merciless hand
Who boldly steps forward her hope to renew?

'Tis the gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe!

You remember him, don't you?

You will think of him, won't you?

Oh, yes, of all this, the remembrance will last,
Long after the present fades into the past.

And when the oppressors are scattered afar,
Their forces all vanquished and sunken their star—
The drama then ended, our hopes bright and true,
He will join in a concert to Tippecanoe.

And we'll remember each blunder,

While he's flying with plunder,

Of the wily magician caught napping at last,
Long after the spoilers from pow'r are cast.

A SONG,

Composed by Jonathan Binns, for the Young Mens' Convention, held at Brownsville on the 4th of April, 1840—and sung by J. P. Jack, Workman and McKibbin.

TUNE—"Hail Columbia."

Immortal patriot bright in arms,
 Whose breast the fire of freedom warms,
 Defender of our hearths and homes,
 Defender of our hearths and homes,
 The scalping knife fell from the hand,
 That raised it o'er our boasted land.
 The savage yell'd and conquered fled,
 Brittan lowered her plumed head;
 Proctor yielded to thy skill—
 Victor then, victorious still.

 Firmly to our standard flock,
 Freemen stand like solid rock,
 Tides of slander cannot shake,
 Traitors' hearts alone shall quake

Then rise above the servile dust,
 To deeds of glory pure and just;
 Our hero's fame still fadeless blooms,
 Our hero's fame still fadeless blooms,
 Let slander hide her dastard head,
 The ground is safe on which we tread;
 So rally to the standard on,
 Sons of sires like Washington;
 Let the battle well be fought,
 Glory's best when dearest bought.

 Firmly to our standard flock,
 Freemen stand like solid rock,
 Tides of slander cannot shake,
 Traitors' hearts alone shall quake.

Lo, now a grateful people rise,
With cheers exulting rend the skies.

Brave Harrison in loud huzzas,
Brave Harrison in loud huzzas,
From east to west the echo rings,
And freedom flaps her airy wings,
Rejoiced to see her reign prolonged,
By millions round the hero throng'd
Hoist the banners high in air,
Grateful hearts are every where.

Firmly to our standard flock,
Freemen stand like solid rock,
Tides of slander cannot shake,
Traitors' hearts alone shall quake.

GENERAL HARRISON.

TUNE—"The Lament."

Hark! with shouts, the air is rending,
Of the white man's savage foe;
Now their cruel course is bending
To the work of death and woe.

Hear the cries of widows weeping
For a murdered, husband, son;
Low in death forever sleeping,
Did they spare them? No, not one.

Now their savage bosoms swelling;
To destroy, their only aim;
See! they burn the lowly dwelling;
See, destruction in their train.

They, with stealthy steps are treading,
To secure their feeble prey;
Now, in fear, the white man dreading,
Unpursued they flee away.

Hear! the trump of war is sounding;
See an injured people come;
See the red man's host surrounding;
See the gallant Harrison.

He, his country's rights defending,
Has no cause but that alone;
He, proud armies' power rending,
Ranks on ranks has overthrown.

Now the cannon loudly roaring,
In destruction on the foe;
Now in vengeance death is pouring,
Lays the haughty chieftian low.

Now from battle he's returning
With the spoils his valor won;
See, with joy his bosom burning;
See our own, our Harrison.

Now in safety he is returning;
Joy to those who lived in dread;
They, in silence, now imploring
Choicest blessings on his head.

Now once more his way is wending
To his pleasant rural home;
Now his golden fields is 'tending,
In domestic pleasures roam.

Now in life he's fast declining,
Yet in wisdom holds his sway;
Round his head he's fast entwining
Sages' counsel, brightest ray.

Now ye people—now ye nation,
Before life's feeble course is run,
To the high exalted station,
Raise your own, your Harrison.

THE ROUGH LOG CABIN.

I love the rough Log Cabin,
 It tells of olden time,
 When a hardy and an honest class,
 Of freemen in their prime,
 First left their fathers' peaceful home
 Where all was joy and rest,
 With their axes on their shoulders,
 And sallied for the West.

Of logs they built a sturdy pile,
 With slabs they roofed it o'er;
 With wooden latch and hinges rude
 They hung the clumsy door.
 And for the little window lights,
 In size two feet by two,
 They used such sash as could be got
 In regions that were new.

The chimney was composed of slats
 Well interlaid with clay,
 Forming a sight we seldom see
 In this a later day;
 And here, on stones for fire-dogs,
 A rousing fire was made;
 While round it sat a hardy crew
 "With none to make afraid."

I love the old Log Cabin,—
 For here, in early days,
 Long dwelt the honest Harrison,
 As every Loco says;—
 And when he is our President,
 Which one year more will see,
 In good 'hard cider' we will toast
 And cheer him three times three.

HARK TO THE WARNING.

TUNE—"All the Blue Bonnets."

All praise to the Hero, the Statesman, the Farmer,
 As threefold his title, be threefold his fame;
 The strong arm is stronger, the warm heart is warmer
 When touched by the magic of Harrison's name.

CHORUS.

Hark! to the warning a nation has spoken—
 It rolls from the mountain, it springs from the plain,
 Down with the spoilers, their trust who have broken,
 And up with the standard of freedom again!

He calls on the wealthy, whose store he protected,
 The poor man whose pittance he labored to save;
 The patriot, who frowns not on merit neglected,
 The soldier, who honors the noble and brave.

Hark! to the warning, &c.

By the toils and the dangers that sadden his story,
 By the blood that he poured with the blood of the foe,
 By the homes that he fought for, his triumphs his glory
 He calls us to aid him, to strike the last blow.

Hark! to the warning, &c.

Then up at his call—speed the plough my good
 neighbors,
 To the fields so long barren, all eagerly come;
 Soon autumn shall yield the rewards of our labors,
 And the land shall be glad with its new harvest-home.

Hark! to the warning, &c.

Then shout to the hero, and forth swell the chorus,
 More loud than the war-whoop that died at his voice;
 Will the agent of ruin fly trembling before us,
 And the country, redeemed, at their downfall rejoice.

Hark! to the warning, &c.

NEW NATIONAL WHIG SONG.

AIR—*"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances."*

Hail to the Chief, for whom triumph advances,
Honored and blest by the people anew,
Long may the Buckeye's green o'erspreading branches
Shelter the Hero of Tippecanoe!

North, send it happy dew—

South, send it sap anew—

Firmly to flourish as broadly it grew

Whilst every hill and plain—

Echoes, in joyful strain—

Harrison! Hero of 'Tippecanoe!

Our's is no dandy—no poor man's oppressor,

Blooming in power—next winter to fade,

When the People shall point out to Martin's Successor

Oh! then shall our Hero emerge from the shade,

First in the nation's choice—

Called by the people's voice—

Proudly they'll welcome the Veteran anew,

Who at Fort Meigs and 'Thames

Was his Country's and Fame's—

Harrison! Hero of 'Tippecanoe!

Loudly our Toscin has thrilled through the nation,

With Harrison's Banner unfurled o'er the land,

The proud Old Dominion has taken her station,

The Empire and Keystone are taking their stand,

The Buckeye and the Bay State

We count on as first rates

To carry the Gallant Old Veteran through,

For tired of dallying—

The people are rallying—

For Harrison! Hero of 'Tippecanoe:

Rise! Freeman, rise! for the hope of the nation,

Vote for the Hero and Pride of the West,

Whose fitness to fill so exalted a station,

His virtues both private and public attest,

Firm to his country's cause—
 True to her outraged laws—
 Keeping her honor and glory in view,
 Triumph will grace him—
 Wherever we place him—
 Harrison! Hero of Tippecanoe!

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

TUNE—"Rosin the Bow."

Have you heard the good news from Virginia,
 That makes all the Locos look blue;
 She has hauled down the flag of Van Buren,
 And hoisted Old Tippecanoe.

Old Ritchie and Co. told "the party"
 That the State for Van Buren was true;
 But the Log Cabin boys gave them battle,
 And conquered for Tippecanoe.

The Locos they worked like all nature,
 And told all their lies old and new;
 But the Cabin Boys said 'you can't come it,
 We are going for Tippecanoe.'

Rhode Island we've got and Virginia,
 And we've taken Connecticut too:
 In '36 each were for Martin,
 But now they're for Tippecanoe.

Ten cheers for the Ancient Dominion;
 Ten cheers for our triumph in view;
 We will beat them as bad in October,
 As Old Tip did at Tippecanoe.

Huzza for the rest of the Union;
 Huzza for our cause good and true;
 Huzza for John Tyler, Tom Corwin,
 And Huzza for Old Tippecanoe.

OHIO WHIG CONVENTION, 1840.

TUNE—"The Son of Alknomook."

'Twas on Washington's birth day, the Whigs of the
State,

In Columbus assembled—their numbers were great;
From the North, from the South, from the East and
the West,

By ten thousands they came, at their country's behest.

They were freemen assembled their rights to maintain
And to rescue their land from corruption's foul stain,
To consult on the means their lov'd country to save,
And to drive from high places base traitors and knaves

There was Old Cuyahoga, the pride of the north,
By her sons, which the country in scores had sent
forth,

With their Brig newly rigged, and a fine hearty crew
All resolved to do battle for Tippecanoe.

There was Portage, Medina, Geauga, Lorain,
Ashtabula, and Trumbull, and western Champaign,
And Muskingum, & Guernsey, & Green, & Monroe,
And Franklin, and Licking, and old Scioto.

There was Richland, and Warren, & Union, & Stark,
There was Mercy & Franklin, Montgomery & Clark,
There was Erie, and Henry, and Paulding & Wood,
All poured forth their thousands of Whigs staunch
and good.

There was Morgan, and Clermont, and Highland,
and Brown,

Swelled the ranks of the Whigs to put tyranny down,
While Belmont, and Hamilton, Preble, and Ross,
With their thousands on thousands made Locos look
cross.

There were Farmers, Mechanics, & Hunters & Tars;
Proudly over their heads waved the stripes & the stars
While the soul-stirring music pourd forth by the
bands,

Cheered their hearts, while the Tories in grief
wrung their hands.

Yes, those *plunder stained* hands, then in sorrow
were wrung,

While the Whigs the loud chorus of Liberty sung
'Twas the death knell of knavery, hearty and loud
'Twas the song of which freemen shall ever be proud

There was Washington's life guard, a relic of times
"That tried brave men's souls" in our own happy
climes,

And he led a white charger along through the street,
On his back was the saddie—great Washington's seat

And next came the patriot of Tippecanoe,
The Hero who fought for his country when new;
These banners were met with shouts of applause,
From the houses devoted to Liberty's cause.

Assembled at length and in Liberty's name,
For President—"Harrison" loud they proclaim;
For Governor—"Corwin," a friend of the free,
Huzzah, shout Huzzah, shout Huzzah, three times
three.

The days of the spoilsmen are numbered and told;
In March '41 shall the Hero be rolled
In triumph to Washington, there to restore,
His country, now fallen, to glory once more.

DYING GROANS OF THE TIN-PAN.

*Sung at the great Ohio Convention, held at Columbus,
February 22d, 1840.*

We have had a hard time on account of the road,
But we looked not behind, for we knew our *cause*
was good,

The object of our journey was plain to discover,
'Tis to row Mat Van Buren way up Salt River.

Ching ring a ching O ching ring a ching.

When this Grand Delegation all arrive at the con-
vention,

Then we'll learn more fully General Harrison's in-
tention,

We'll compose such a body that the Loco's will look
sour,

For they well know we come for to witness their
last hour.

O ching, &c. &c.

The brig 'General Harrison' is just on before
With a Band of Northern Whigs *ten thousand or more*,
Representing when this nation was as fair as any
Realm—

Till little Mat Van Buren the Magician took the helm.

O ching, &c. &c.

And broadside and broadside into him we send
Until he strikes his colors to the Hero of North Bend,
And yields up command to the People again,
And then success to Commerce and fair prices for
our Grain.

O ching, &c. &c.

The Vans of Mount Vernon thought the Whigs would
give o'er

On account of the rain on the roads, but O never;

For we yield not the spirit which is roused all around
Till the great Hydra Monster is driven from our land.

O ching, &c. &c.

The Locofoco party at Mt. Vernon down did look—
When they failed to steal the Brig, and showed their
cloven foot,

When the *whig* bugle sound and in triumph we set sail,
For a more Honest Party at Columbus to hail!

O ching, &c. &c.

He has taught to ween attention from the general
theme,

That its bad policy when our Conntry's not serene;
So Medary was instructed to spread the reason far,
They never had settled the Northwestern Boundary
War

O ching, &c. &c.

The spirit of our Nation is now all on fire,
But they can pay their way without stealing Quasi
Quire;

We are coming from the South and the far distant
Maine,

For to rally 'neath the Banner of our Harrison again;
O ching, &c. &c.

The People now are coming, little Matty will be
routed,

For their patience is exhausted and all Swartwouted,
Sam Medary *Typed* a lie against Mr. Lloyd up,
But their testimony failed, and used Payne and Wil-
son up,

O ching, &c. &c.

Andrew Jackson recommended his dear little Van
For to follow in his footsteps and try to be a Man;
But his Administration has proved to his scorn,
That he is a Barren Stalk of great *Baden Corn*.

O ching a ring, &c.

When arriving, shouts came from the whole reform
 nation,
 It roll'd o'er our Land, then arose up to Heaven;
 But from a distant silent house, there came a sound
 of booming,
 And we soon learnt with joy 'twas the *Tin Pan* a
 groaning.

O ching a ring, &c. &c.

Now we join happy thousands at the close of our
 journey,
 At our proud Capitol all is free as milk and honey;
 Now we point up aloft, where our nation's banners
 flying,
 And this shall be the requiem for the Vans while
 they're dying.

Ching a ring a ching.

THE LAST CABINET COUNCIL.

AIR—"*There's nae luck about the House.*"

Sly Matty's face was overcast,
 His hopes began to lower,
 His kitchen cabinet he called,
 Besides the lawful four;

And bade them with a scolding tongue
 That each should truly say,
 If any chance remained for him
 On next election day.

CHORUS.

For its Boyd and Harris, Linn and Price
 And Swartwout they do say,
 Have toated off the Nation's cash,
 As lawful Loco prey.

Then up steps Amos grim and thin,
 With sick and ghastly look,
 You never would have thought that he
 Was scullion and chief cook—
 ‘Now Matty dear,’ says he, ‘I’m sure,
 The game is up with us,
 Those cursed Whigs will beat us now,
 They kick up such a fuss.

CHORUS.

About the outside quires and cash
 You’d think this Nation’s broke,
 And Blair, and I, and Calhoun think,
 This time they do not joke.

Says Blair to M— ‘Good President
 I think it is unlucky,
 That I must streak it back again
 To teach school in Kentucky:
 But go I must, for I am sure,
 Our battles all are fought,
 And New York’s favorite son is beat
 By sober second thought.

CHORUS.

Now Matty don’t get sick, I’m sure
 We may as well clear out,
 And join the Loco-Foco Price,
 And honest Sam Swartwout.

And next, says Paulding, I do wish
 To novels I had stuck,
 For writing them would ne’er have made
 Of me so lame a duck;
 Dear Matty we must soon go back
 To quiet Kinderhook,
 And in your garret I will write
 Another shilling book.

Oh dear! the times are very hard
 When wheat's but fifty cents,
 But I'm the man that's rich enough
 If I collect my 'rents.'

Come Uncle *Levi*, tell us now
 What think you of whig votes?
 Oh dear! I fear they can't be bought
 With my sub-treasury notes,
 I've figured out my long reports
 Arrayed in solid column,
 But where's your Cash the Whigs cry out
 With faces long and solemn.

CHORUS.

The cash is gone and credit too
 With our administration,
 And we have ruined every man
 Throughout the Yankee nation.

'Now *Poinsett* can you cheer us up
 With glad and cheerful sounds?'
 'Oh no! I can't, those cursed Whigs
 Have tree'd me with bloodhounds;
 We've got to quit the *White house* now,
 As fast as we can go;
 I'll take my hat, and make my bow,
 For I am D. I. O.

CHORUS.

The spoils are gone—there's nothing left
 Of paper, blanks, and twine,
 And every man is fortunate
 Who knows where he can dine.'

'Perdition catch you all,' says Mat,
Come, Forsythe you're true blue,
And are so versed in politics
Can tell me what to do.'

'I wish I could, for I am sure
You'd hear it very soon;
But I will go and advise with
My friend J. C. Calhooun

CHORUS.

For he's the man to jump Jim Crow,
And prove that black is white,
He will convince you its noonday,
When dark and pitchy night.'

Now Harry Clay was passing by,
And hearing such a roar,
With hasty strides he mounted up
And opened wide the door—
Hallo!' says he, what means this noise
Within this garrison?
You'd better all make tracks—here comes
The Patriot Harrison.'

CHORUS.

So off they ran with nimble legs,
As fast as they could lean:
As 'Granny' he took up the broom
And swept the *White House* clean.

THE SPOILSMEN.

The spoilsmen came down like the wolf on the fold,
And their train bands were rev'ling in ill-gotton gold
And Benton's hoarse howl on the gale did resound
Like the deep deadly yell of the blood scenting-hound.

Like leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 In the year '39 their *bought* banners were seen,
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown
 In March '41 they lay withered and strown.

For Freedom's proud bird spread his wings on the
 blast,

And the breath of his wrath laid them low as they
 passed,

And the eyes of the Vanites grew deadly and chill,
 And Sub-Treasurers' legs forever grew still.

And there lay sad Amos distorted and pale,
 With a curse on his lip and his grip on the mail,
 And there lay Calhoun with his nostrils all wide,
 And the 'galvanized corps' lay dark by his side.

And there lay 'poor Pickin' and Duncan hard by,
 With the Globe in his hand and a drop in his eye,
 And the kitchen was silent, the cabinet flown,
 The cravat of the humbugger hung there 'alone.'

And the wail of the Scullions is loud in their wo,
 The 'footstep' is vanished, the 'follower' laid low,
 And the popular might hath the spoiler expunged,
 The might of the freeman hath freemen avenged.

LET FAME PUT HER TRUMP.

Let Fame put her trump to the lip of the morn,
 And rouse up the slumbering day;
 On the wings of the wind be the blast onward borne,
 Till it dies in the ether away:
 But on the broad hills let it lay,
 And echo the green valley o'er,
 That a Chieftain exists, who, though aged and grey
 Shall this country's lost lustre restore.

From the north to the south, from the east to the west
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 On the pinions of Time, that are never at rest,
 It is borne to the ears of the foe:
 Then tremble the tyrants that be,
 For the moments of reckoning come,
 More appalling than tempests that scourge the dark
 sea,
 Or the war-notes of trumpet and drum.

From the long dreary night of misrule and dismay,
 A whole people awake to the light,
 While the dark clouds of error are breaking away,
 And the morning of Truth dawning bright:
 Again in her splendor and might,
 Fair Freedom unveils to the view,
 And points to the Chief, whose integrity's plight
 Shall the stars of her glory renew.

Betrayed by false statements, the sons of the soil
 Long in error and darkness did grope,
 While the vampyres bore off the reward of their toil,
 And withered each promise of hope:
 But a Chieftan there is, who shall cope
 With the spoilers with Hercules' arm,
 While the phalanx of freemen, unscathed and unbroke
 The abuses of power shall disarm.

He was tried in the battle, and ne'er known to yield,
 Lang syne, in the days of our pride;
 A sage in the senate, a Chief in the field,
 On whom sages and warriors relied:
 They will rally again to his side,
 As they did when the war-arrows flew;
 And he'll lead them to conquest and glory beside,
 As he led them at Tippecanoe.

At the sound of the blast cheering onward amain,
 Prosperity lifts her pale head,
 And looks, as her eye brightens up once again,
 Like a vestal arose from the dead:
 Toward the Chieftan her arms are outspread,
 Who her beauty and strength shall restore,
 And robe her anew in the white blue and red,
 That so gracefully veiled her before.

Then pour a libation, and bear it on high,
 And let Fame give the word of command,
 While the eagle of victory stoops from the sky,
 And hovers above the green land:
 Round the altar of Freedom we stand,
 With the swords of our country in view,
 And accoutred for battle, pledge heart & pledge hand,
 "For the Hero of Tippecanoe."

REPORT

*Of the "Committee" appointed by the People to invite
 Mr. Van Buren into a "State of Retiracy."*

DIRGE—"Burial of Sir John Moore."

Not a sigh was heard not a farewell groan,
 Though he looked confoundedly flurried;
 No patriots breast was heard to moan,
 As from the White House he was hurried.
 He streaked it out darkly, at dead of night,
 The way with his grabblers feeling,
 And he seemed, by the glare of lantern light,
 Like a rogue just caught a sheep stealing.

No useless carriage encircled his breast,
 Nor in ruffles, nor jewels we found him;
 Yet he looked like a chap thnt had feathered his nest
 With the People's earnings around him:
 Nor few, nor short, the maledictions said,
 And spoke more in anger than sorrow,
 As the People they gritted their teeth in their head
 And cursed the Magician all hollow.

Startled and wild was his cat-like tread,
 (As old Tip's name was rung o'er each hill, O!);
 Like a Hyena scared from his feast of the dead,
 As the red morning breaks over the billow;
 Lightly they'll talk of the *SPRITE* that is gone,
 And o'er the Sub-Treasury upbraid him;
 But little we'll reck, so we'll let him sneak on
 To the grave where the People have laid him.

But half our *grateful* task was done,
 When the clock toll'd the hour so desiring;
 And we knew by the boom of a HARRISON gun
 That the Whigs were merrily firing.
 Down slowly and sadly the Locos come
 From the East Room, in uppermost story;
 In *Virginia Fence-line*, they all reel'd home,
 And left OLD TIP alone in his glory!

HARRISON SONG.

TUNE—"Gaily the Treubadour."

Truly did Harrison come from his home,
 Whilst he was yet a youth not twenty-one,
 He joined our gallant band on the frontiers,
 Harrison, Harrison—give him three cheers.

Hark, all ye gallant Whigs, firm, brave and true,
 After he'd joined the band what did he do?
 He led to victory, free from all fears—
 Harrison, Harrison—give him three cheers.

Huzza for Harrison—success to him,
 He makes the Vanocrats look rather slim,
 He is the People's man, away with our fears—
 Harrison, Harrison—give him three cheers.

Then let us stick to him, young, old, and all,
 And like old Proctor's men Matty must fall;
 Turn, then, ye Vanocrats, fear not their sneers,
 Harrison, Harrison—give him three cheers.

VAN BUREN'S LAMENT.

AIR—"O no, I'll never mention her."

O no, I never mention'd it,

I never said a word:

I lent Swartwout a lot of cash,

Of which I've never heard.

He said he only borrow'd it,

To pay another debt,

And since I've never mention'd it,

He thinks that I forget.

And Price, and others like himself,

Have borrow'd money too,

And since I've never mention'd it,

They think it is not due.

I fear the money was not mine,

And I must pay the debt,

For though I've never mention'd it,

The *People* wont forget.

THE PEOPLES' SONG.

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

We long to see the season come
When we can vote for Harrison,
For there is nothing can prevent,
His being the next President;
For he's the man that risk'd his life,
Against the savage scalping knife;
And Proctor thought he'd better run
Than measure swords with Harrison.

When some were in their cradles rock'd
Their fathers round the Hero flock'd,
The fight was hard, but still they won,
Led on by General Harrison;
But now with double force they come,
The war-worn soldier, with his son,
They strike the time without the drum,
Both right and left, for Harrison.

Supporting General Harrison,
The people have no risk to run—
For he can first adjust their laws,
Then with his sword maintain their cause.
Then raise the banner till it floats,
While men are handing in their votes;
And may their ballots tell as one,
Success to General Harrison.

Then let this song, for one, be sung,
As clear as Indian rifles rung,
By middle aged, old and young,
Without one jar or faltering tongue;
And let the spangled banner wave,
High on the breeze, above the brave,
While they proclaim the work is done,
We'll join for General Harrison.

The eagle with bright plumage dressed,
 Directs her flight towards the West,
 Where oft she'd heard the battle yell,
 To drop a tear where Davies fell;
 Now round the field her way she wings,
 And with her notes the welkin rings;
 She sings McArthur, Cass and Croghan,
 Then tops her song with Harrison.

IT OFT TIMES HAS BEEN TOLD.

TUNE—"The Constitution and Gurriere."

It oft times has been told,
 That British sailors bold,
 Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy O;
 But they never found their match,
 Till the Yankees did them catch,
 Oh, the Yankee boys fighting are the dandy O.

The British now so bold,
 Hired just to fight for gold,
 Commanded by proud Proctor, the grandee O;
 With Indians by the score,
 A thousand too, or more,
 They swore they'd flog the Yankees now so handy O.

Then Proctor loudly cries,
 Make this great field your prize,
 You can in thirty minutes neat and handy O;
 Thirty five's enough I'm sure,
 And if you'll do it in a score,
 I'll treat you to a double share of brandy O.

The Indians with a yell,
 As if they came from h—ll,
 Slashed round their tomahawks so neat and handy O;

Now, says Harrison to his braves,
Come on and whip these slaves,
If we take these savage boasters we're the dandy O.

The first gun that was fired
Into their hearts inquired,
Which made the lofty Proctor look abandoned O:
This Briton shook his head,
And to his officers said,
Lord, I didn't think old Harrison was so handy O.

Our second told as well,
It made the Indians yell,
Which doused Tecumseh's hopes so very handy O.
By George, they cried, we've done,
We'd better cut and run,
While the Yankces struck up Yankee doodle dandy O.

The Indians now unarmed,
Because they were alarmed,
And buried all their tomahawks so handy O;
But Harrison did not rest,
And on the battle press'd,
And tightly grasped his good old sword so handy O.

Yet the brave old soldier said,
He wished not Proctor dead,
But meant to dress him in a petticoat so handy O;
'Then send him to the squaws,
'The reason why,' because
Among *men* he wasn't quite the dandy O.

Now great success to him
Who does the work so trim,
As flog two great warriors so handy O;
Our President he'll be,
Which you will shortly see,
And, fellow-citizens, wont that be the dandy O?

THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

TUNE—"The battle of the Nile."

Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And join in the shouts of the patriotic throng;
 Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And let Freedom's walls re-echo with your song.
 For he will lead us on
 Who did lead us years ago,
 When he trod a foreign soil,
 Wreaking vengeance on the foe.

CHORUS.

And the battle of the Thames, as every tongue pro-
 claims,
 And the battle of the Thames, as every tongue pro-
 claims,
 Shall live in history, in poetry and song.
 Huzza! huzza! hazza! huzza! huzza, boys,
 For him who fought for us, and never yet was
 known to yield,
 Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza, boys,
 Our Harrison again will win the field.

Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 Your brethren of the East are arousing in their might,
 Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And be ready now to aid them in the fight.
 For he will be our chief,
 Who when danger was at hand,
 To our frontier brought relief,
 With his gallant western band.

And the battle of the Thames, &c.

Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 Your liberties maintaining, your country now befriend
 Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And gather 'round the farmer of North Bend.

For he will bring us aid,
 Who was aide to gallant Wayne,
 When the Indian's yell was heard,
 From every hill and plain.
 And the battle of the Thames, &c.

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG AND HARRISON.

AIR—"Sparkling and Bright."

See in the light of glory bright,
 Each star and stripe proudly beaming,
 Our flag once more unfurled to the war,
 To the breeze of *reform* now streaming.

CHORUS.

Your goblets fill with a free good will,
 To the chief renowned in story,
 Pledge your faith to him on the beaker's brim,
 To speed him onward to glory.

Oh! that he might arrest the blight
 Destroying our dominions,
 Yet first awhile he must beguile
 The spoiler of his minions.

Chorus—Your goblets fill, &c.

Our hero bright will stop the wight,
 And all his friends shall leave him,
 And every one, for our Harrison,
 With loud huzza's shall grieve him.

Chorus—Your goblets fill, &c.

When high in state, we'll place elate,
 By his side our flag unwaved,
 Loud be our cheers, when the hero for years,
 Plants that flag o'er a union saved.

Chorus—Your goblets fill, &c.

THE HERO PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

The Hero Ploughman of North Bend,
According to my notion,
Who did our cabins long defend,
Is worthy of promotion.

Then for the ploughman we'll array
Our gallant Buckeye forces—
Van Buren's collar men K K*
They soon will fly their courses.

Van cannot bribe us with his *Price*,
Nor will we be *Swartwouted*;
We'll stick to Tip like any vice,
Until the foe is routed.

Then for, etc.

Come one come all, the spoilsman clan,
Who jump at Matty's orders;
We'll clear his kitchen to a man,
And boost them from our borders.

Then for, etc.

The false Magician long has play'd,
His feats of hocus pocus;
Has congregated and array'd,
His rabid loco-focos.

But for, &c!

Leg-trea'rurs scent his old Dutch cheese,
The smell whereof so loud is;
It makes them jump and snuff and sneeze
The loco-foco rowdies.

Then for, &c.

*K K means can't come it.

The Treas'ry-crout is wholly spoil'd,
 It never was half salted,
 But spoilsmen gulp it down unboil'd,
 But just a little scalded.*

Then for, &c.

Our buckeye hero, true and try'd,
 Is rightly nam'd old granny;
 To deliver (is his pride,)
 The house of little Vanny.

Then for &c.

But granny never works by halves,
 He's eke a famous doctor,
 He'll ease the nation of her knaves,
 As he did Gen'ral Proctor.

Then for, &c.

The spoilsmen will be forc'd to slope;
 To take unto their scrapers;
 Old Tip will grant them, soon I hope,
 Authentic walking papers.

So for, &c.

And then the famous Kinderhook,
 Sir Martin will reside in;
 He'll find some crany nook or crook,
 His infamy to hide in.

Then for, &c.

Now here's a health to Harrison:
 His fame keeps circling wider;
 Ohio's boast Virginia's son—
 We'll toast him on hard cider.

Then for, &c.

*Post notes undue.

TIPPECANOE.

AIR—*"A health let us drink to the Hero and Sage."*

The "Spoilsmen" are fretful and gloomy as night,
 Their "Denmark is rotten" about,
 The party's perplexed, and in horrible plight,
 For Matty they know must go out;
 Our flag, like the sign to the Roman, I ween,
 Will lead us to glory—and who
 Would'nt stick to that flag while a star's to be seen
 The flag of Old Tippecanoe.

"The sceptre and power from Judah must go;'
 The days of Van Buren are told,
 The People, refusing to take, as you know,
 Shin-plasters, for promised gold:
 Then on to the rescue my hearties we move,
 Corruption must shrink if we do,
 Let's stick to Old Buckeye, the Statesman we love,
 The Hero of Tippecanoe!

Our ship CONSTITUTION, though staunch in her hull,
 Is marr'd by the Partisan storm;
 But we safely will moor her by united pull,
 In the haven of real reform:

But the ship to be saved a new Master must own,
 And a new set of Tars for the crew;
 From the Ancient Domain the Lieutenant must come
 The Captain from Tippecanoe!

When war's deadly summons had led us to blows,
 Where was Kinderhook Van to be found?
 In the rear of all dangers, with Bluelights and foes,
 He hated the battles' dread sound.

Where was HARRISON then? on the field of his fame
 There, prov'd himself gallant and true,
 The roar of the cannon was music to him
 The Hero of Tippecanoe.

When peace by proud victories came again brief,
 The Hero returned to his plough;
 But the people are coming to make him their Chief,
 With purpose inflexible now.

Then fill up your wine cups and pass them around,
 Let's drink to the brave and the true,
 And this be our toast, The Brave Hero of Thames,
 The Hero of Tippecanoe!

*The following Song was sung at the Convention, held
 at Columbus, Feb. 22d, 23d, '40.*

THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—"Rosin the Bore."

Ye jolly young lads of Ohio,
 And all ye sick Vanocrats too,
 Come out from amongst the foul party,
 And vote for old Tippecanoe, etc.
 And vote for old Tippecanoe, etc.

The great Twenty-Second is coming,
 And the Vanjacks begin to look blue,
 They know there's no chance for poor Matty,
 If we'll stick to old Tippecanoe,
 If we'll stick, etc.

I therefore will give you a warning,
 Not that any good it will do,
 For I'm certain you all are a going,
 To vote for old Tippecanoe,
 To vote, etc.

Then let us be up and doing,
 And cling to our cause brave and true,
 I'll bet you a fortune we'll beat them,
 With the Hero of Tippecanoe.

With the Hero, etc.

Good men from the Vanjacks are flying,
 Which makes them look kinder eskew,
 For they see they are joining the standard,
 With the Hero of Tippecanoe.

With the Hero, etc.

They say that he lived in a Cabin,
 And lived on old hard cider too,
 Well what if he did I'm certain,
 He's the Hero of Tippecanoe.

He's the Hero, &c.

Then let us all go to Columbus,
 And form a procession or two,
 And I tell you the Vanjacks will startle,
 At the sound of Old Tippecanoe.

At the sound, etc.

As for one I'm fully determined,
 To go, let it rain, hail or snow;
 And do what we can in the battle,
 For the Hero of Tippecanoe.

For the Hero, etc.

And if we get any ways thirsty,
 I'll tell you what we can do,
 We'll bring down a keg of Hard Cider,
 And drink to Old Tippecanoe.

And driⁿk, etc.

THE "LOG CABIN" SONG.

Composed and sung by the Clark county delegation
at the great People's Convention of Ohio, on the
22d of February, 1840.

TUNE—"Highland Laddie."

Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin
made?

Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin
made?

'Twas built among the merry boys that wield the
plough and spade,

Where the Log Cabins stand, in the bonnie Buckeye
shade!

'Twas built, etc.

Oh, what, tell me what, is to be your Cabin's fate?

Oh, what, tell me what, is to be your Cabin's fate?

We'll wheel it to the Capitol, and place it there elate,
For a token or a sign of the bonnie Buckeye State!

We'll wheel, etc.

Oh, why, tell me why, does your Buckeye Cabin go?

Oh, why, tell me why, does your Buckeye Cabin go?

It goes against the Spoilsmen, for well its builders
know

It was Harrison that fought for the Cabins long ago.

It goes, etc.

Oh, what, tell me what, then, will little Martin do?

Oh, what, tell me what, then, will little Martin do?

He'll 'follow in the footsteps' of Price and Swart-
wout too,

While the Log Cabins ring again with old Tippecanoe,

He'll follow, etc.

Oh, who fell before him in battle, tell me who?
 Oh, who fell before him in battle, tell me who?
 He drove the Savage Legions, and British Armies too
 At the Rapids, and the Thames, and Old Tippecanoe!
 He drove, etc.

By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
 By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
 The Spoilsmen and Leg Treasurers will soon begin
 to run!
 And the 'Log Cabin Candidate' will march to Wash-
 ington!

The Spoilsmen, etc.

NEW COMIC SONG.

TUNE—"Hey, come along, Josey."

Come listen to me and I'll sing you a song,
 Which I promise you shall not de long;
 And I know you'll say it's a first-rate thing
 And dis is de tune dat I will sing:
 Hey, cum along, jim along, Josey,
 Hey, cum along, jim along, Jo.

I spose you know de Whigs next fall
 Are gwoing to stop the Loco ball;
 Gin'rawl Harr'sin he too strong for Martin,
 And at de lexshun will beat him sartin:
 Hey, cum along, etc.

De spilers say dey will no hab him
 Kase how he lib in a log cabin;
 But de peeple say dey do not kere,
 He shall hab de white house 'fore a year:
 Hey, cum along, etc.

De Locos say he drink hard cider,
 But dey only spread his fame de wider
 And dey may ober dere champagne
 Make fun of him but it's all in wane:

Hey, cum along, &c.

Yes, let um laf and call him grany,
 But it's well for you my little Vanny,
 Dat he draw de Injuns and British far
 While you were talkin 'gainst de war;

Hey, cum along, &c.

And as de enemy den flew,
 At Meigs, at Thames, at Tipp'canoe,
 So he will make de hirelings run
 When he is sent to Washington:

Hey, cum along, &c.

De fox will den wid a sheepish look
 Sneak back to de hole in Kinderhook;
 And de leg treasurers will make tracks
 As if de debil was at dere backs:

Hey cum along, &c.

And he who at 'Cumsey pull de trigger
 Whose wife was cousin to dis niggur;
 Eben dat wont save him, for de nashun
 Say dey not for amalgamation:

Hey, cum along, &c.

'White man, white man, werry unsartin,'
 'How you off for soap,' my darlin Martin;
 Next March de log cabin boys will shout,
 'Does your anxious mammy know you're out?'

Hey, cum along, &c.

I swow I pity your condition,
 For you were for de bobbolishoun,
 And voted for darkies cum ob age
 To hab de right ob free sufferage.

Hey, cum along &c.

And now gentlefolks I bid you good bye,
 Dont let de Locos fro chalk in your eye;
 And when to de city de Gin'rawl you bring,
 Dis niggur will be be dera all ready for to sing:
 Hey, cum along, etc.

SHOULD BRAVE SOLDIERS BE FORGOT?

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

Should brave old soldiers be forgot?
 Should patriots fail to twine
 Wreaths, glorious wreaths, for those who fought
 In days of old lang syne?
 No! long as life endures will we
 Deep in our hearts enshrine
 The names of those who made us free
 In days of old lang syne.

Proud England, gloating o'er her Crowⁿ,
 And King, and 'Rights Divine,'
 Sent forth her slaves to chain us down,
 In days of old lang syne;
 But Freedom's champion averr'd
 They'd make her 'Lion' whine,
 And nobly did they keep their word,
 In days of old lang syne.

They drew a Charter, strong and full,
 Nor did they fear to sign
 The bulletin that pricked John Bull
 And cut in every line.
 Among the hearts of flint whose fire
 Lit up the flame benign,
 Was Harrison—Tip's sainted sire!
 A Whig of old lang syne.

But not the father's fame alone
 Exalts the soldier son—
 He has bright laurels of his own,
 In hard-fought battles won!
 The Wabash banks—Fort Meigs—the Thames—
 Their tributes all combine
 To rank him high with those whose names
 Were dear in old lang syne.

And who's Van Buren?—where, and when,
 Did he lead on the brave,
 Or raise his voice, or wield his pen,
 Or ope his purse to save?
 While Tip gave fight, *he* styled the war
 'Disastrous' and 'malign.'
 And richly earned a coat of tar,
 As tories did lang syne.

Let those who love sub-treasury charms—
 Hard work and little pay,
 Closed working-shops and mortgaged farms—
 Extol King Martin's sway,
 But we have solemnly affirm'd
 We will not rest supine
 Till Van shall squirm, as Crosswell squirm'd,
 And wriggled—not lang syne!

The knapsack pillow'd Harry's head,
 The hard ground eased his toils;
 While Martin, on his downy bed,
 Could dream of nought but '*spoils*.'
 And shall the Blue-light rule the Free?
 Shall Freedom's star decline?
 Forbid it Heaven! forbid it ye
 Who bled in old lang syne.

Is Harrison one whit the worse
 Because he'd not secure,
 As Martin did, a long, full purse,
 But went from office *poor*?
 And does the low 'log-cabin' hearth
 Unfit Old Tip to shine?
 Did no log homes give nobles birth
 In days of old lang syne?

What though the Hero's hard 'huge paws'
 Were wont to plough and sow?
 Does that disgrace our sacred cause?
 Does that degrade him? No!
 Whig farmers are our nation's nerve,
 Its bone—its very spine!
 They'll never swerve—they did not swerve
 In days of old lang syne.

No ruffled shirt, no silken hose
 No *airs* does Tip display;
 But like the 'pith of worth' he goes
 In homespun 'hoddin-grey.'
 Upon his board there ne'er appear'd
 The costly sparkling wine,
 But plain '*hard cider*' such as cheer'd
 In days of old lang syne.

Connecticut has raised the heel
 Tip's tory foes to bruise;
 And keenly do their vitals feel
 The tread of 'Jersey Blues.
 November's ides will give the stroke,
 Hard fatal and condign,
 A blow like that which snapped the yoke
 In days of old lang syne.

Yes, Tip must grace the big 'White House!'
 (Alas! for groom and cook!)
 And Van on *Kabbitch*-stalks must brouse,
 At home, sweet home—the 'hook!
 Thrice hail, old Tip! 'Log Cabin' Tip!
 'Hard Cider' Tip!—to you
 The Helm we give!—hail Noble Ship!
 'Land ho!' the port's in view!
 Huzza! huzza! Kind Heaven be prais'd—
 The Star, the Star benign,
 Shines bright!—'tis Freedom's Star that blazed
 In days of old lang syne!

CLEARING THE KITCHEN AND WHITE HOUSE.—A SONG FOR 4TH MARCH, 1841.

TUNE—"Young Lochinear."

Old Tippecanoe has come out of the West,
 Through all the wide border his fame was best,
 For save his log cabin, he station had none,
 He came with his friends, with true hearts alone,
 So dauntless in war, to his country so true,
 Was ever there soul like Old Tippecanoe?
 He staid not for break, he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Ohio where ford there was none,
 But ere he alighted at Washington gate
 The spoilers were scampering before 'twas too late,
 For, laggard in heart, to his country untrue,
 Had kept this fair place from Old Tippecanoe.
 So boldly he entered the President's hall,
 'Mong patriots and brothers and ladies and all,
 That, to little Van, it politely occurred,
 Unto the new comers he must say a word,

'O, whence are you here?—what came you to do?—
Must you take this White House for Old Tippecanoe.

'He long served his country,' the lovers replied,
'She wooed him to come, when her suit you denied,
But now is he here, with friends from afar,
To fill up the measure of glory and war,
There are men in this country more fitting than you,
To rule this fair land with Old Tippecanoe.'

They set down the mug when Old Tip took it up,
And quaffed the hard cider, then proffered the cup;
Van looked down to blush, and then looked up to sigh
With a frown on his lip and a squint in his eye;
Then, bowing full low, says he, 'Good bye to you,
I surrender this house to Old Tippecanoe.'

So good a form and so honest a face,
That never this hall such a Farmer did grace;
While Kendall did fret and Levi did fuss,
And Benton stood dangling his yellow boys purse,
And the ladies they whispered ' 'twere 'tis true,
The country were governed by Tippecanoe.'

One touch to Blair's hand and one word in his ear,
As Van reached the door, and his carriage was near,
'We are gone we are gone, by hook or by crook,
I must wend my way back to my own Kinderhook;
My light English coach, though often it flew,
Couldn't match the hard gray of Old Tippecanoe.

There was mounting and tramping of cabinet clan,
And the Kitchen concern, some rode and some ran;
There was rasing and chasing o'er Capitol lea,
But the little Magician no more could they see!
So dauntless in war, to his country so true,
Who could clear the Kitchen but Tippecanoe?

THE HERO OF OHIO.

Written for the Log Cabin lads and ladies, by a
Log Cabin poet.]

TUNE—"The Hunters of Kentucky."

Come listen, lads and ladies, now,
To my immortal story;
And, while you wreath around his brow
The garland of his glory,
The troubadour will sound a name
That none will dare deny O,
Was first upon the field of fame,
The hero of Ohio.
Oh! Ohio,
The hero of Ohio.

Fair Freedom's father Washington,
Gave Harrison a station,
And said—"My boy, your father won
A name in this great nation;
Go, battle for the fair and free,
And on thy God rely O;
And future fame shall welcome thee,
The hero of Ohio,
Oh! Ohio, &c.

Beloved by all his soldiers brave,
Nor terrify'd by trifles;
For glory or a hero's grave,
He met the Indian rifles;
Into the fight he fearless flew,
Resolv'd the foe should fly O;
And Congress crown'd, at Tippecanoe,
The Hero of Ohio.

'Mid British bayonets and flame,
 And savage thrusts and thumps, he
 Beside the foremost phalanx came,
 The terror of Tecumseh;
 And Proctor's life but seldom names,
 Without a curse or cry O,
 The day he dared, upon the Thames,
 The hero of Ohio,
 Oh! Ohio, &c.

His country he has nobly served,
 Both in the field and forum;
 From truth or trust he never swerv'd
 Nor from a just decorum;
 Like Cincinnatus, to the plough
 He keeps a steady eye O;
 And every one will hail him now,
 The Farmer of Ohio,
 Oh! Ohio, &c.

Bring laurels, lovely ladies, now,
 For he will guide the nation;
 Bring garlands for his glorious brow,
 When he shall hold his station,
 And let us hear the wild hurrah,
 From all the western sky O;
 Hail, boys, with many a loud huzza,
 The Farmer of Ohio,
 Oh! Ohio, &c.

Ye yeomen, so hardy and noble,
 Who'll sup on a mess of parch'd corn,
 And then make but light of the trouble
 To fight the wild Indian till morn, &c.

One cup to the men who fell round you,
 The gallant, the brave and the true;
 Another, to him who inspir'd you
 To conquer at Tippecanoe, &c.

At Thames too, he spurn'd ev'ry danger
 And planted the flag of the free,
 The star-lighted flag, of the Ranger,
 Were subjects had bended the knee, &c.

When war, with his battles was over,
 With peace, he retir'd to his farm,
 Where the culture of wheat, corn and clover,
 For the Hero, had life-giving charms, &c.

And when with his toils growing weary,
 He'll turn to his comrades and share
 A cup of Old Cider, so cherry,
 Dispelling both languor and care, &c.

Let Van sport his coach and out-riders,
 In liveries flaunting and gay,
 And sneer at log-cabins and cider,
 But, woe, for the reckoning day! &c.

'Parch'd corn' men can't stand it much longer;
 Enough, is as much as we'll bear:
 With Tip at our head, in October,
 We'll tumble him out of the Chair.

Then ho!—for March 4th, forty-one, boys,
 We'll shout, till the Heaven's arch, blue
 Shall echo, Hard cider and fun, boys,
 Drink, drink to old Tippecanoe.

We'll drink to old Tippecanoe,
 We'll drink to brave Tippecanoe,
 Shall echo,—Hard cider and fun, boys,
 Drink,—drink, to Old Tippecanoe.

A TIP-TOP SONG ABOUT TIPPECANOE.

'Tis the tip of the fashion for brave hearts and true
 To join in the shout for brave Tippecanoe;
 The soldier, the farmer, the statesman, the friend,
 Who fought at the Thames, and who lives at North
 Bend;

Who gathered his laurels where bravely they grew,
 'Mid the slaughter and carnage of Tippecanoe,
 Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe,
 An honest old soldier is Tippecanoe.

No parasite he at the footstool of power,
 To flatter and fawn for the rule of an hour,
 All honor and manliness basely to smother
 And avow it his glory to follow another;
 Oh, no, for our Hero is honest and true,
 And the tip-top of honor is Tippecanoe,
 Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe,
 The tip-top of honor is Tippecanoe.

Though the frosts of old age may have whitened his
 brow,
 Yet the light of his deeds round his temples will glow
 Like the sun on a mountain, whose head in the sky
 Receives the first snow on its summit so high,

But will show forth in majesty, beauty and light,
When the valleys below are all shrouded in night—

Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe—

And thus stands the soldier, bold Tippecanoe.

Then join in the shout that has so loud gone forth,
From the east and the west, from the south and the
north

From the prairies and lakes to the briny blue sea,
The shout of the mighty, the bold and the free—
From the cold granite State to warm generous Lou-
isiana, the shout of Tippecanoe,

Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe,

The tip of all tips is brave Tippecanoe.

SONG FOR THE BOYS.

TUNE—*I wont be a Nun.*

Now is it not a pity such a pretty lad as I,
Should be a Loco Foco to pine away and die?

But I wont be for Van,

No I cant go for Van,

For I so love my country that I cannot go for Van.

I'm sure I cannot see what is there in the man,
That my father often tells me I must be for Van,

But I cant go for Van,

No I wont go for Van,

I dislike the Loco Focos, and I cannot go for Van.

With the Locos I cant stay, it will never do for me,
So I'll go among the Whigs just to see what I can see

Now I will be a Whig,

Now I shall be a Whig,

They cheer so much for Harrison, I must be a Whig.

I see among the Whigs the bone and sinew too;

They all are going to vote for Old Tippecanoe;

So I now go for 'Tip,

Yes I must go for 'Tip,

The things are in my heart, and I will go for Tip.

They said the Loco Foco boys would make fun of me,

But they've all turned to Harrison and none can I see;

Yes they all go for Tip,

And now I'll go for 'Tip,

For he's the Boys Candidate, and we all go for Tip.

My mother says she doesn't care if I am only true,

If I do leave the Vans, for Old Tippecanoe,

For I like a canoe,

And like a canoe,

And we'll sail it safe to Washington, you'll see what
we will do.

So father don't be angry, but let your sonny be,

For the Vanites would not like such a Loco as me;

For I don't go for Van,

No I shant go for Van,

I shall go for Henry Harrison, so help it if you can.

OLD FORT MEIGS.

BY A SOLDIER.

AIR—"Oh! lonely is the forest shade."

Oh! lonely is our old green fort,

Where oft in days of old,

Our gallant soldiers bravely fought,

'Gainst savage allies bold,

But with the change of years have past,

That unrelenting foe,

Since we fought here with Harrison,

A long time ago.

It seems but yesterday, I heard,
 From yonder thicket nigh,
 Th' unerring rifle's sharp report,
 The Indian's startling cry.
 Yon brooklet winding at our feet,
 With crimson gore din flow,
 When we fought here with Harrison,
 A long time ago.

The river rolls between its banks,
 As when of old we came,
 Each grassy path, each shady nook,
 Seems to me still the same.
 But we are scattered now whose faith,
 Pledg'd here through weal or woe,
 With Harrison our soil to guard,
 A long time ago.

But many a soldier's lip is mute,
 And clouded many a brow,
 And hearts that beat for honor then,
 Have ceased their throbbing now;
 We ne'er shall meet again in life,
 As then we met, I trow,
 When we fought here with Harrison,
 A long time ago.

WHIG SONG.

TUNE—"Marseilles Hymn."

Rise! rise! ye Freemen--once 'twas glory
 For man t' oppose a Tyrant's power,
 And who resisted, lived in story;
 O seize, then, seize the present hour!
 Say, shall we slumber, while around us
 Oppression's galling chains are cast?
 Say, will they lighter hang at last,
 To call them *gold* when they have bound us?

No, no! no, no! then rise
 For our forefathers' laws;
 March on, march on! resolved to win
 Our favorite Hero's cause.

Will flatt'ring tales of coming pleasures,
 When plenteousness and peace shall reign,
 And a'll be rich in glittering treasures,
 The poor man's present wishes gain?
 Will it stay the tide of desolation,
 That sweeps so strongly o'er our land,
 To gorge an office-holding band,
 And rob the pockets of the nation?

No, no, etc.

O, Freemen, up! let widely flowing
 Your banners to the breeze be thrown,
 Your love of worth and valor showing;
 Your scorn for tyrant knaves make known!
 Shall men believe the voices telling
 In Syren tones, your ship of state
 Is safe, when all around, dark fate
 Frowns out in ev'ry wave that's swelling?

No, no, etc.

That Statesman-Chief who led undaunted,
 And cheered in strife his warlike band—
 Whose praise a grateful Nation chaunted—
 Who tills, a farmer bold, his land,
 Shall we neglect for one, who scorning
 Our rights, the People's cause;
 Who dares to trample on our laws,
 Nor list they prayers, their threats, nor warning!

No, no, etc.

Da Capo Chorus.

Then rise, rise all for one,
 Who ev'ry suffrage claims;
 Huzza for him! a loud huzza!
 Who conquered at the Thames.

A JACKSON-MAN'S SONG.

Come listen my trusty old cronies,
I'll sing you a short verse or two,
And I know you would not be offended,
Should I sing of Old Tippecanoe.

His enemies call him a coward,
And sneer at his poverty too,
But a true hearted Jackson-man never,
Will slander the brave and the true.

But a true hearted democrat ever,
Will honor the brave and the true,
And leave it to British and tories
To slander old Tippecanoe.

And who pray is Martin Van Buren,
What wonders did he ever do?
Was he in the battle of Orleans,
Meigs, Thames or Old Tippecanoe?

O! no he had no taste for fighting,
Such rough work he never could do,
He shirked it off on the brave Jackson,
And the Hero of Tippecanoe.

This larkey we once have elected,
Not that any good he would do,
But because he had been recommended
By Jackson the brave and the true.

And since for one term we're in favor,
We think that this honor should do,
So, good bye to you, Mr. Van Buren,--
Here goes for Old Tippecanoe.

THE BEST THING WE CAN DO.

TUNE—"Malbrouk."

The times are bad and want curing,
They are getting past all enduring;
Let us turn out Martin Van Bureu,
And put in old Tippecanoe.

The best thing we can do,
Is to put in old Tippecanoe;

It's a business we all can take part in,
So let us give notice to Martin,
That he must get ready for starting,
For we'll put in old Tippecanoe.

A change of the Administration
Will be for the good of the nation,
For it is now in a bad situation,
So well put in old Tippecanoe.

The best thing we can do,
Is to put in old Tippecanoe,

And send the whole posse a packing,
Van Buren and all of his backing;
For we've tried them and and found them all lacking,
And we'll put in old Tippecanoe.

We've had of their humbugs a plenty,
For now all our pockets are empty;
We've a dollar now where we had twenty,
So we'll put in old Tippecanoe.

The best thing that we can do
Is to put in old Tippecanoe;

For their roguery can't be defended,
 And it's time that their reign should be ended,
 We shall never see times mended,
 Till we put in old Tippecanoe.

Uncle Sam han't a cent in his purse now,
 And matters are still growing worse now;
 There's only one thing left for us now.
 It's to put in old Tippecanoe.

 The best thing that we can do,
 Is to put in old Tippecanoe;
 For we are all of us going to ruin,
 As long as we keep such a crew in,
 So let us be up and a doing,
 And put in old Tippecanoe.

TIPPECANOE AND JACKETS OF BLUE

TUNE—"Ye Sons of Columbia."

The good ship of State is driven ashore,
 The thunder howls round us, and dark tempests low'r
 The sea is fast rising—and breaks in the Bay,
 And the hearts of the boldest are filled with dismay
 She will founder, unless with true patriot zeal,
 We get rid of the *lubber* who stands at the wheel!
 And take a *new* Pilot, whose heart is *true blue*—
 And such we shall find in Old Tippecanoe.

Old 'Tip' is a hero, brave, honest and true,
 Who deserves the esteem of the Jackets of Blue.
 His bosom so free from intrigue, guile or art,
 Is the shrine of that treasure, a Patriot's heart.

Besides, if we turn over his log we shall find
 A foe to oppression—a friend to mankind.
 What say ye then Sailors!—ye Jackets of Blue,
 Shall we choose as our Pilot, Old Tippecanoe?

He has fought for our rights—and in peace he has
 shown

That in *State navigation* he's second to none,
 His soul with true '*live oak grit*' is imbued!
 He is worth to stand where a Washington stood!
 Then give him the *tiller*—when *he* steps on deck,
 His firmness and wisdom will save us from wreck.
 Then summon him, tars!—Shout Jackets of Blue,
 'Oh! haste to our rescue, Old Tippecanoe!'

Had he lived in a country where merit is known,
 And rewarded by pensions and praise, or a throne,
 Wealth, power and fame would have been his just
 meed,

And an humble 'log hut' would have ne'er sheltered
 his head,

But his *nature* is *noble*—his *worth* stands confessed,
 The son of Virginia! The pride of the West!
 Come on, then my hearties! Ye Jackets of Blue!
 And salute with nine huzzas Old Tippecanoe!

PATRIOTIC SONG.

AIR—"Ye Mariners of England."

Ye brave tars of Columbia!

Her glory and her pride,
 Who bear the sacred flag of stars
 Triumphant o'er the tide:

A cheer for him, while you fought,
 Our bloody naval fights,
 Took his stand on the land,
 As defender of her rights.
 On many a field the firm—the strong
 Defender of her rights.

Old Soldiers of Columbia!
 Who lingering yet, may tell
 The horrors of a border war,
 And how your brothers fell:
 Come, rally around your leader now,
 For justice now implores;
 And proclaim to their shame,
 That his enemies are yours,
 And 'twill be echoed loud and long,
 His enemies are yours.

Ye Farmers of Columbia!
 Who till this western soil,
 Your broad and goodly heritage,
 Was gained through blood and toil,
 Will ye be backward to defend,
 The name we have espoused;
 No! At length, in their strength,
 Like a lion when aroused,
 They'll come. Awake the farmer's wrath
 A lion is aroused.

Ye Freemen of Columbia!
 Who still in faith esteem
 The charter of your fathers' blood,
 Would ye that faith redeem?
 In Macedonian phalanx form,
 In one unbroken band;

And they'll beat a retreat,
 The despoilers of the land,—
 Sub-treasurers, Levellers, and all
 The spoilers of the land.

The true son of Columbia!
 We bring him now before
 The people, with his services
 Of forty years or more;
 Unstain'd—untouch'd—to his reward,
 To save the country's fall.
 Let us rise, for the prize
 Is the dearest right of all,—
 A free and healthy government,
 The dearest right of all.

YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Lo! as the gathering throng appear,
 How huge the volume opened here
 Of human life!
 Where'er the various banners lead,
 Around them every heart we read
 With hope is rife.
 All these of freemen's rights are proud,
 And to redeem these rights this crowd
 Is borne along.
 O what shall stay them in their might,
 When they do battle for the right,
 Confiding, strong!

Gay music floats upon the air,
 And scarf and sash are flaunting there,
 And banners high;

Fair hands the snowy kerchief raise,
 Bright eyes from hall and window gaze,
 And balcony.

No idle pomp they came to fill,
 No sycophantic throng to swell
 Of pageantry;
 Sceptre and crown to none they yield,
 For e'en the humblest in the field
 Was majesty.

The Monumental City led
 Its honored guests, and next the head
 Followed the State.
 Where, let the storm of ill that blows
 Prostrate all else, yet virtue grows
 Beneath its weight;*
 Now Bunker Hill with fife and drum
 Moves on: yes, "Birnam wood has come
 To Dunsinane."
 Ill-used, ill-gotten power take heed!
 For thus the augury we read,
 Or read in vain.

Two victor States take up the word,
 And then New York's deep voice is heard
 In thund'ring peal:
 Mute in the ranks, but undismayed,
 New Jersey sternly there displayed
 Her own broad seal.
 Room! for the Keystone State draws near
 Room! for unconquered Delaware,
 The Bayard's home.
 Warm-hearted Maryland, we greet
 Thee next--and may'st thou ever meet
 ——— Thine own welcome!

*"Crescit sub pondere virtas," was the New Hampshire motto.

Disfranchised but not o'erborne,
 Nor wholly from the Union torn,
 Triumvirate,
 Though in no *vote* thou canst rejoice,
 Yet in the contest let thy *voice*
 Still animate.
 Birth-place of Hero and of Sage
 Which from the nation's earliest age
 Has borne command,
 In thee, unless bright omens fail,
 Another President shall hail
 His native land?

Here Georgia and the Carolinas
 Send forth from out their sterling mines
 A gallant band—
 And Mountaineers, a valiant train,
 Follow their neighbors of the plain
 With ready hand.
 Undaunted Tennessee draws near
 With sable badges of the bier,
 And mournful tread;
 For Cincinnatus now her voice,
 The second Roman of her choice—
 The first is dead.

A standard bears a single name!
 No eulogy can swell the fame
 Of "Henry Clay"—*
 That name exerts a magic part,
 And over many a noble heart
 Holds silent sway;
 No thought of self comes o'er his mind,
 His only effort is to bind
 — The broken laws;

*"Tanto nomine nullum par eulogium."

And when at stake his country's weal,
 He forwards with a gen'rous zeal
 His rivals cause.

Still onward sweeps the vast array,
 And onward holds its lengthened way
 The Hero's State—

His banner waving at their head,
 They follow on with lightsome tread
 And hearts elate.

All, all are here—the West and South,
 'The hardy East and rugged North,

 In numbers strong,
 Nor will they lay in rest the spear
 Until upon their lips we hear
 The victor's song.

GOLD SPOONS vs. HARD CIDER.

In a Cabin made of logs,
 By the river side,
 There the Honest Farmer lives—
 Free from sloth and pride.
 To the gorgeous palace turn
 And his rival see,
 In his robes of regal state
 Tinsell'd finery.

At the early morning light,
 Starting with the sun—
 See the farmer hold the plough
 Till the day is done.
 In his silken bed of down
 Martin still must be;
 Menial servants waiting round
 Dress'd in livery.

See the farmer to his meal
 Joyfully repair;
 Crackers, cheese, and cider too,
 A hard but homely fare.
 Martin to his breakfast comes
 At the hour of noon;
 Sipping from a china cup,
 With a golden spoon.

See the farmer pace his fields—
 Mark his lightsome foot;
 Leaning now upon his staff
 To catch a songster's note.
 Martin's steeds impatient wait
 At the palace door;
 Out-riders behind the coach
 And lackies on before.

Long live Van-Kinderhook!
 Magician, Wizard, Witch, or Spook!
 Long live King Martin!
 May he triumphantly
 Reign o'er such slaves as we,
 The Tory's joy to be—
 Long live the King!

Oh! Kendall, Blair, arise!
 Scatter his enemies,
 Long live King Martin!
 Confound Whig politics,
 Frustrate their trait'rous tricks,
 On him our hopes we fix,
 Long live the King!

BUCKEYE BOYS.

TUNE—"Swiss Boy."

Come arouse ye, arouse ye, my brave Buckeye boys,
 Take the axe and to labor away;
 The sun is up with ruddy beam,
 The Buckeye blooms beside the stream:
 Come, arouse ye, &c.

Love ye not, love ye not, O my brave Buckeye boys,
 To the rally with Tippecanoe;
 For the hero, patriot, brave and free,
 Waits to assert your liberty.
 Love ye not, &c.

To the Polls, to the Polls, then my brave Buckeye boys,
 To the rescue then haste ye away.
 The cup we fill—the hard cider pass,
 In friendship round, until the last;
 With a shout, with a shout, go the brave Buckeye
 boys,
 With Old Tip to the White House away.

ON! TO VICTORY!!

TUNE—"Scots we wha."

Whigs! whose sires for freedom bled,
 Whigs! whom patriots oft have led,
 Whigs! by the 'treasury spoils' unfed,
 On, to victory!

'Now's the day, and now's the hour,'
 See approach the tyrant's power!
 Shall we to the tyrants cower?
 Shall we turn and flee?

Hear the foe's insulting cry,
 Hear him boast of triumph nigh!
 Whigs! that boasting do defy—
 We shall still be free.

What care we though others yield,
 Here's our chosen battle field;
 Grasp the sword and brace the shield,
 On, to victory!

Rally, Whigs! in Freedom's cause,
 Fight for Liberty and Laws?
 Falter not, nor turn, nor pause,
 Till each State is free.

Gallant Harrison leads us on,
 America's accepted son;
 Think of former triumphs won—
 On, to Victory!

OH, MATTY VAN, MY JO, MAT!

TUNE—"John Anderson," &c.

O, Matty Van, my Jo, Mat! I wonder what you mean,
 By such a naughty act as that which lately has been
 seen?

What want you with an Army, Mat? Ah why do you
 do so?

'Twill march you back to Kinderhook! Oh Matty
 Van, my Jo.

Oh, Van Buren, my Jo, Van, you've clamb'd the hill
 o' State,

And monie a cunnin' trick, man, was fathered in your
 pate:

But now your tottering down, Van; how rapidly
you go!

You'll soon be sprawling at the fit; oh, Matty Van,
my Jo!

Oh, Matty Van, my Jo, Mat; when first we were ac-
quaint,

'Tis true you were not slow, Mat, with sinner or
with saint;

But now you have grown ould, Mat, you never seem
to know

How fast you're goin' "bock agen," Oh, Matty Van,
my Jo,

Oh, Van Buren, My Jo, Van, when Jackson ruled
the hour,

And *took you up behind him*, Van, and left you with
his power;

You promised us to follow in his footsteps, as you
know,

And pit your fit in hero's tracks, Oh, VanBuren, myJo.

Oh Matty Van, My Jo, Mat—his faith you did abuses
For 'its not in your nature, Mat, to wear a hero';
shoes.

So step you just aside, Mat,—Old Tip is on your toe!—
Old Tip, a hero ready made!—Oh, Matty Van, my Jo.

UNION COUNTY CABIN SONG.

TUNE—*Pensylvania Quick step.*

Our fathers in the days of yore

Were resting in their wildwood home,

When the trumpet's clang and the cannon's roar

Came booming from the briny foam.

And many a stately bark and high,
 And many a gallant legion came,
 And every soldier's battle cry
 Was "charge for glorious England's name."

But soon the seal of Freedom's trust,
 Her starry flag, began to shine,
 And many a Briton bit the dust
 At Bunker Hill and Brandywine:
 And quickly passed the strife of death,
 And soon was victory's garland won;
 And Freedom bound the glorious wreath
 Upon the brow of WASHINGTON.

Again they rested in their fame
 Till many a new State round them rose:—
 Again the host of England came,
 And the stormy sound of battle rose.
 Again the wreath of victory
 On many a battle field was won,
 And Freedom bound it gloriously
 Upon the brow of HARRISON.

And now this green and glorious land
 Is with distress and ruin fraught,
 And desolation, by the hand
 Of its despotic ruler wrought.
 And freedom, by her falling fame.
 And by her scorned and broken laws,
 Adjures her patriot sons again
 To rally in her sacred cause,

They come, they come, they will not stay—
 Their glorious march is just begun;
 Around their flags the sun beams play,
 And their leader's name is Harrison.

He calls his comrades true and tried
 He calls them from their wildwood home;
 He calls, and instant to his side
 The inmates of the Cabins come.

And like the lawless king of old
 Who feasted in his gorgeous halls,
 The Oppressor's righteous doom is scroll'd
 And 'graven on the palace walls.
 His hour is come—his trembling throng
 Of paid and pensioned minions flee;
 And many a wildwood Cabin song
 Shall his resounding requem be.

WHEN BRITISH BANDS,

TUNE—*Wha'll be King but Charley.*

When Britsh bands invade our land
 And savage hosts so dreary,
 Young Harrison he was the man
 To draw his sword so early,
 Come hither, come hither, around him gather,
 Come Whig and Democrat altogether,
 Unite your bands and firmly stand
 For him who fought bravely.

With brave Kentucky's gallant sons,
 With Owen and brave Davies,
 He led the van 'gainst savage bands,
 And routed them so clearly.

Come hither, &c.

And when proud Britain's cannon roar'd
 He never beat a parley,
 His sword and shield made Proctor yield
 And whip'd him out so fairly.

Come hither, &c.

There's Martin Van with all his clan
 Of Demagogues and knavery
 Old Tip can scan their secret plans
 And ferret them out so clearly.

Come hither, &c.

From sordid gold to him untold
 He freed his hand so clearly,
 His door latch string he ne'er pull'd in
 The poor he fed most freely.

Cnme hither, come hither, around him gather
 Come Whig and Democrat altogether,
 Old Tip's the man who will defend
 The rights we bought so dearly.

GENERAL WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

'Tis not for martial glory,
 For battles bravely won,
 Fit themes for song and story,
 We laud his name alone;
 But for the noble and the pure,
 In *every station* tried,
 And ever constant to endure
 A guardian and a guide.

True, that we feel as proudly
 Our *soldier's* honest fame,
 True—we dare speak as loudly
 All honor to the name.
 But yet a closer tie must bind,
 When peace proclaims her reign,—
 The will to aid and bless mankind—
 And this is *his* gain.

What though with malice daring,
 Detraction's darts are cast:
 His calm, sublime forbearing,
 Shall vindicate the past,—
 Those who'd thus *disgrace their land*,
 Are found in every age,—
 Not e'en our Washington, could stand
 Untouch'd by *Party* rage.

His country's voice hath spoken
 Her gratitude and trust:
 And his deeds have been a token
 That the confidence was just:
 And when that voice again is heard,
 May its shouts of triumph be,
 That the *People's Friend* hath been prefer'd
 And is *first among the Free!*

GRAND NATIONAL WHIG SONG.

"In the strength of your might, from each mountain
 and valley,"
 Sons of Freedom, arise! the time is at hand—
 Around Liberty's standard, we'll rally, we'll rally;
 The Star-Spangled Banner floats over the land.

Then let the proud Eagle spread his wings wide
asunder,

And burst from the tramels which strive to enchain
"If we rise in our strength, if we speak but in thunder"
The bit of "strip'd bunting" will flourish again.

For our Rights and our Laws, we'll stand firm and
united;

The blood of our Father's shall ne'er be forgot—
The Faith and the Honor they sacredly plighted,
Shall never be tarnished by Anarchy's blot;
Around Liberty's standard, we'll rally, we'll rally;—
Old Tippecanoe, boys, the watch word shall be;
Its echo will thunder from each mountain and valley
Of the Home of the brave—the Land of the free.

HARK! THEY COME!

[Sung at the National Convention of Young Men in
Baltimore.]

Hark! hark! from the west of the mountains,

A voice from the Log Cabin crew,
Who drink at the hard cider fountain,

And fought under Tippecanoe—

And fought, &c.

Who cultivate orchards and cornfields,
Defended by Tippecanoe.

Heretofore, all the money we needed,

From pork, corn and flour we drew

All raised from the soil we defended,

When under brave Tippecanoe—

When under, &c.

From soil we've subdu'd by our labor,

Since led by Old Tippecanoe.

From this soil we've fed the lov'd Buckeye,
 And Hoosier and Sucker babes too;
 Rejoicing 'twas parceled to suit us,
 By schemes of Old Tippecanoe—
 By schemes, &c.

Parcel'd out to suit log cabin farmers;
 By the efforts of Tippecanoe.

But now at Sub-Treasury prices,
 Our taxes we'll never get through
 Till we call our friend to assist us,
 That led us at Tippecanoe—
 That led us, &c.

With whom we beat British and Indians,
 At Thames, Meigs, and Tippecanoe.

He's good in the field and the council,
 The plough he wields skillfully too,
 As well as to portion to farmers,
 And conquer at Tippecanoe—
 And conquer, &c.

In whom may we be so confiding,
 As our friend Old Tippecanoe.

From Eastward, and Northward, and Southward,
 Come join us in what we will do;
 We'll pull at the string of the Cabin,
 That's knotted, by Tippecanoe—
 That's knotted, &c.

Old soldiers will always be welcom'd
 By warm-hearted Tippecanoe.

Lo! Eastward, and Northward, and Southward,
 In thunder they echo—we, too,
 Will call on the Hard Cider Farmer,
 That conquer'd at Tippecanoe—
 That conquer'd, &c.

We'll greet the old log cabin Farmer,
 And vote for brave Tippecanoe.

See! onward! en masse, they're moving
 In earthquake voice uttering halloo!
 For the white house exchange the log cabin,
 Thou hero of Tippecanoe—
 Thou hero, &c.
 For thee the White House we've determined
 O hasten, Old Tippecanoe.

Hark! hark! how the American Ladies,
 In Cabins and Palaces too,
 Are joining in song with their lovers,
 Huzza for old Tippecanoe—
 Huzza for, &c.
 They sing in sweet strains to their lovers,
 Go vote for brave Tippecanoe.
 From City, and Forest, and Mountain,
 And likewise Western Prairies too,
 Each man will respond to his mistress,
 And vote for old Tippecanoe—
 And vote, &c.
 Then send forth a tone like an earthquake,
 Huzza for Old Tippecanoe!!!

OLD TIP AND THE LOG CABIN BOYS.

TUNE—“*Low down in Old Virginy,
 Long time ago.*”

When the frontier was in danger,
 Long time ago.
 Young Harrison, to fear a stranger,
 Long time ago.
 Left the scenes of ease and splendor,
 Long time ago
 To the Log Cabins aid to render,
 Long time ago.

With his hunting shirt and rifle,
In his pocket but a trifle,
With Old Wayne he marched to the forest
And shared his wallet with the poorest.

At the Rapids they fought the savage band,
And whipt them tomakawk in hand,
Mad Anthony praised the gallant boy,
And the cabins rung with a shout of joy.

And when again the war whoop rang
And the cabin boys to their rifles sprang,
They called again to lead them on
Their gallant leader Harrison.

They met the foe at Tippecanoe,
And again he made the savage rue.
Again with joy the cabins rung,
And his name with grateful praise they sung.

Then Britain dared our flag to assail,
And again the Indian took the trail,
Again the cabins were in mourning
And every eye to him was turning.

He drew once more his faithful sword
And gave the cabin boys the word,
At Thames they laid Tecumseh low
And captured Proctor's army too.

Then Britain saw and felt 'twas vain,
Her gallant soldiers' blood to drain;
Her treasures were in vain expended,
Whilst Old Tip the cabins defended.

Peace again its blessings spread
Beneath the humble cabins shed;
Danger no more its hopes alarm,
With gratitude all hearts were warm.

Old Tip shook hands with the boys once more
 And told them open stood his door,
 That welcome they should always be
 And the latch-string always outside see.

Long years rolled round and the cabins flourished
 Their liberties they dearly cherished,
 No more alarmed by savage foes
 The forest blossomed like the rose.

At length there rose up in the land
 A numerous and thriving band,
 They stole the fruits of honest toil
 And claimed them as their lawful spoil.

The Office-holders stole the treasure,
 And then absconded at their leisure,
 The honest cabin boys they jeered at
 And their cabins and hard cider sneered at.

The cabins then became oppres'd,
 Hard times the boys opprest.
 They sought relief as they had done
 From Government, but they found none.

Van Buren led the spoilers on
 Against the cabins Old Tip had won,
 He rolled by in his English coach
 And told the boys "they asked too much."

Then from every hill and every valley
 The cabin boys began to rally,
 They raised one everlasting shout
 And swore the spoilsmen should turn out.

They called again their brave old Chief,
 Who had always sprung to their relief;
 With him in command they feared no dangers,
 For he and defeat were total strangers.

They knew he had whipt the Indian foe,
 And he had licked the British too,
 He could'nt be scared by the Treasury frogs
 And he'd whip Van Buren and his dogs.

Old Tip's in the field and the boys around him,
 The Office-holders try to confound him,
 But the shout of the boys does thunder resemble,
 And Martin and his hirelings tremble.

On the 4th of March little Van will run,
 And the cabin boys will laugh at the fun,
 They'll place Old Tip at the head of the nation,
 And have a thundering jollification.

Three cheers for the Old Log cabin's friend!
 The cabin boys on him depend,
 In English coaches he is no rider,
 But he could fight and drink Hard Cider.



WHEN THIS OLD HAT WAS NEW.

When this old hat was new, the people used to say,
 The best among the Democrats were Harrison and
 Clay;
 The Locos now assume the name, a title most un-
 true,
 And most unlike their party name when my old hat
 was new.

When my old hat was new, Van Buren was a Fed,
 An enemy to every man who labored for his bread;
 And if the people of New York have kept their re-
 cords true,
 He voted 'gainst the poor man's rights, when my old
 hat was new.

When my old hat was new, Buchanan was the man
 Best fitted in the Key-stone State to lead the Fed-
 eral clan,
 He swore 'if Democratic blood should make his
 veins look blue,
 He'd cure them by Phlebotomy,' when my old hat
 was new.

When my old hat was new, ('was eighteen hundred
 eleven,)
 Charles Ingersoll did then declare, by all his hopes
 of Heaven,
 'Had he been able to reflect, he'd been a tory true,
 And ne'er have thought it a reproach,' when my old
 hat was new.

When my old hat was new, of Richard Rush 'twas
 said,
 To figure well among the feds, he wore a black cock-
 ade;
 Deny this, locos, if you please, for every word is true,
 I knew full well old Dicky Rush, when my old hat
 was new.

When my old hat was new, the Senator from Maine,
 Destroyed by fire an effigy, t'immortalize his name.
 The effigy was Madison's, if common fame be true,
 So Reuel Williams was a Fed, when my old hat was
 new.

When my old hat was new, 'twas in the Granite
 State,
 That Henry Hubbard asked each town to send a
 delegate
 To meet in council at the time when Federalism blue
 Made Hartford look like indigo, when my old hat
 was new.

When my old hat was new, Sam Cushman did de-
 clare
 'That should a soldier cross the lines, he hoped he'd
 perish there,
 And leave his bones in Canada for enemies to view,'
 So much for his Democracy, when my old hat was
 new.

When my old hat was new, Old Governor Provost
 The States invaded, at the head of numerous Brit-
 ish hosts,
 Then mark, ye Locos, what did Martin Chittenden
 then do?
 Forbid Green Mountain Boys to fight when my old
 hat was new.

When this old hat was new, Woodbury and Van Ness,
 E. Allen Brown, and Stephen Haight, were of the
 Federal mess,
 A. H. Everett, Martin Field, and Sam C. Allen too,
 Now PATENT Democrats, were Feds, when my old
 hat was new.

When my old hat was new, these worthies did op-
 pose
 The cause, and friends of liberty, and stood among
 their foes;
 Not so with 'Granny' Harrison, for at Tippecanoe
 He bravely fought the savage foe, when my old hat
 was new.

When my old hat was new, the friends of Liberty
Knew well the merits of old Tip, while fighting at
Maumee:

Come now, huzza for Harrison, just as we used to do,
When first we heard of Proctor's fall, when my old
was new.

A NEW SONG.

AIR—"Star-Spangled Banner."

Sung at the annual election for charter-officers, in
the the city of Pittsburg.

Oh! who does not see, in this heart-cheering ray
That pierces the cloud of malign domination,
A sign that foretels with precision, the day
When Columbia shall rise from her low degrada-
tion—

When the spoil-hunting race shall be foiled in the
chase,


The Kinderhook Quack hide his head in disgrace,
And the starry Whig banner triumphantly wave
"O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
brave."

O'er the city of PITT, 'mid the eagle's own hills,
Where many a patriot bosom is burning,
What is that which gives Tories such horrible chills,
And to which all Whig-eyes are in "fine frenzy"
turning?

Say, what is that sight, which fills VAN with affright,
And makes all his vassals the nether lip bite?

☞ 'Tis the Harrison Banner!—and soon 'twill
be waved

O'er a whole State redeem'd—o'er a great Nation
saved!

All hail the proud KEY STONE!—she fired the first
 gun
 For the Old “*Declaration*,” blood seal’d by the
 martyr;
 And now she is first to declare for  THE SON
 OF THE SIRE, whose own hand sign’d that dear
 cherish’d *Charter*,
 Her first gun has roar’d for the Hero whose sword
 Sprang quick from the scabbard, and ne’er was re-
 stored
 Till Victory smiled!—For though brave men oft
 yield,
 He never surrender’d!—He ne’er lost a field!
 Let the *Swartwouts and Prices* who, year after year,
 Have fed on “the spoils” and wax’d rich on our
 treasure,
 At Harrison’s “poverty” throw out the sneer,
 And heap on the Vet’ran abuse without mea-
 sure:—
 The wretch that defames, does but strengthen the
 claims
 Of the Hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames,
 And freshen the laurels, *which none sought to*
bruise,
 ’Till ’twas found that their GREENNESS, gave Mar-
 tin the BLUES!

LIBERTY CABIN RAISING.

[Sung at the Log Cabin Raising, Anapolis.]

TUNE—“*Rosin the Bow.*”

Come on ye firm Whigs of old Crawford
 And all ye true democrats too,
 Come up—for old Liberty’s raising,
 A Cabin for Tippecanoe.

There you'll find many raisers from Whetstone
 And a few from Sandusky too,
 For the people's determined on raising
 A Cabin for Tippecanoe.

Bucyrus will furnish her twenties,
 And Chatfield her dozen or two,
 And Cranberry 'll help at the raising,
 A Cabin for Tippecanoe.

Holmes claims a share in the building
 Which she has a good right to do;
 And she'll send up her hands to the raising
 A Cabin for Tippecanoe.

And when we have finish'd the building
 We'll call for one speech or two,
 From those who have help'd at the raising
 A Cabin for Tippecanoe.

HARRISON AND LIBERTY.

TUNE—"Jefferson and Liberty."

From Mississippi's utmost shore,
 To cold New Hampshire's piney hills;
 From broad Atlantic's sullen roar,
 To where the western ocean swells.—
 How loud the notes of joy arise
 From every bosom warm and fres?
 How strains triumphant fill the skies

Turn to the scroll, where patriot sires
 Your Independence did declare,
 Whose words still glow like living fires,—
 His fathers name is written there.

That father taught that son to swear,
 His country ne'er enslaved should be:
 Then lend your voices to the air
 For Harrison and Liberty.

O'er savage foes, who scourged our land,
 When Wayne so wild and madly burst,
 Among his brave and gallant band
 The youthful Harrison was first.
 And when on Wabash's leafy banks,
 Tecumseh's warriors gathered free;
 How swift they fled before the ranks
 Of Harrison and Liberty!

When Meigs' Heights, his army held,
 And haughty Britons circled round,
 His conquering legion's cleared the field,
 While notes of triumph pealed around:
 And though on Thames' tide again
 His progress Proctor sought to stay,
 Dismayed he fled; and left the plain
 To Harrison and Liberty!

Now honored be his hoary age
 Who glory for his country won:—
 Shout for the Hero, Patriot, Sage,
 For William Henry Harrison:
 Of all our Chiefs he oftenest fought,
 But never lost a victory,
 And peace was gain'd and plenty brought
 By Harrison and Liberty!

OLD TIPPECANOE.

AIR—*When Britain's Oppression, her Laws, &c.*

Come rouse up! ye bold hearted whigs of Kentucky,
And show the nation what deeds you can do;
The high road to victory lies open before ye
While led to the charge by Old Tippecanoe.

When Indians were scalping our friends and our brothers,
To Ohio's frontier he gallantly flew;
And thousands of innocent infants, and mothers,
Were saved by the valor of Tippecanoe.

When savage Tecumsey was rallying his forces,
In innocents blood his hands to imbrue;
Our hero dispis'd all his bloody associates,
And won the proud name of "Old Tippecanoe."

And when this Tecumseh and his brother Proctor,
To capture Fort Meigs—their utmost did do;
Our gallant old hero again play'd the Doctor,
And gave them a dose like at Tippecanoe.

And then on the Thames, on the 5th of October,
Where musket balls whizz'd as they flew;
He blasted their prospects, and rent them asunder,
Just like he had done on the Tippecanoe.

Let Greece praise the deeds of her great Alexander
And Rome boast of Cæsar and Scipio too;
Just like Cincinnatus, that noble commander,
Is our old Hero of Tippecanoe.

For when the foes of his country no longer could harm
her,

To the shades of retirement he quickly withdrew;
And now at North Bend see the HONEST OLD FARMER,
Who won the green laurel at Tippecanoe.

And when to the National Council elected,
The good of his country still see him pursue;
And every poor man by him thus protected,
Should ever remember "Old Tippecanoe."

And now from retirement the People doth call him,
Because he is Honest and Qualified too;
And for One Term they soon will enstall him
As President—"Hero of Tippecanoe."

Let *knavee* call him "coward," and *fools* call him
"granny"

To answer their *purpose*—this never will do;
When rallied around him we'll rout *little Vanny*,
And give him a Thames—or a full *Waterloo*.

The Republican banner of Freedom is flying,
The Eagle of Liberty soars in your view;
Then rally my hearties—all slanders defying,
And thunder huzza! for "Old Tippecanoe,"

Among the supporters of brave Gen. Jackson,
There are many Republicans, honest and true,
To such we say "come out from among them,"
And "go it for" Tyler and "Tippecanoe."

SONG.

TUNE—"Life let us cherish."

For life let us cherish
 The fame of honored Harrison;
 And never perish
 The laurels he won.

The spoils engrossing ravenous band
 Have desolated all the land,
 They glean their spoils from all its soils,
 And honest labor foils.

So let us cherish
 The fame of honored Harrison;
 And never perish
 The laurels he won.

Though clouds obscure the atmosphere;
 And ruin threatens every where;
 Yet down the storm, rides swift reform,
 And honest hearts grow warm.
 So let us cherish, &c.

New hopes inspire our hearts with glee—
 Our offspring ever shall be free,
 For dread alarm, like magic's charm,
 Benumbs the spoiler's arm.
 So let us cherish, &c.

To rescue, now comes Harrison;
 His strength's a mighty garrison;
 His growing weight, in every state,
 Predicts Van Buren's fate.
 So let us cherish, &c.

LOG CABIN DEDICATION.

Our cabin now we dedicate,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

To Harrison, the good and great,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

We've rolled the logs up straight and true

And columns made of Buckeye too

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

For Cabins erst, our hero fought.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

And to their fire sides safely brought,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,

Did freely every danger brave

Our own beloved west, to save.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

He beat our foes upon the Thames,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Then settled on his farm again,

Hurrah, hurruh, hurrah.

There, by his plough, content he lives,

And to the needy freely gives,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

But hark! The Cabins sound alarm,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

They groan beneath the oppressors arm

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,

They call on Harrison, the brave,

From tyrant power their rights to save.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Cabin boys, then onward stand,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,

Rescue your mis-governed land,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Come to the work, press bravely on,

And 'shoulder arms' for Harrison.

Hurrah, hurrah!

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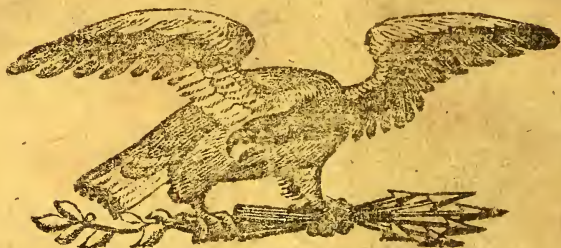
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Go it Harrison,
Come it Tyler,
And we'll burst
Van Buren's *biler*.



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